Essex . . .

IN THE

Days of Old

EDITED BY

John T. Page.

ESSEX IN THE DAYS OF OLD.



LITTLE MAPLESTEAD CHURCH.

From photo by Brown & Sons,] *[Halstead.*

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To

ALDERMAN BRIGHTWELL, J.P.,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY HAPPY HOURS SPENT

IN HIS COMPANY DURING THE

EDITOR'S SHORT SOJOURN IN "THE

RIVIERA OF ESSEX."

Preface.

THIS book is intended as a companion volume to "Bygone Essex," and is issued on the same lines as its predecessor.

In dealing with a county so rich as Essex in the lore of the past the principal difficulty the Editor has had to surmount has been the sifting of the large mass of material. He has endeavoured to display a catholicity of taste in the selection of papers, which have been written by gentlemen who have made each respective subject their special study. With the aid of these colleagues, the Editor's post has almost been rendered a sinecure, and he hereby tenders to one and all his sincere thanks for their cheerfully-rendered help.

JOHN T. PAGE.

WEST HADDON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,
September, 1897.

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ESSEX IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

Witchcraft in Essex.

By James Pope Manuell.

IN all lands and times, men have had a tendency to attribute special knowledge and mental power to the operation of demons; and all phenomena, whether deemed good or evil, the causes of which were beyond human ken, were readily credited to the interference of spirits. The characters of these supposititious spiritual agents were, to a great extent, reflections of the characters of the people who believed in them; people and beliefs being influenced deeply, of course, by conditions of temperament, pursuits, creeds, climate, and country.

The early heathen converts to Christianity, even after becoming convinced of the folly of their former worship, felt it to be an easier effort of the mind to conceive their discarded deities as devils, than to deny their existence altogether.

The traditional idea of the devil in these days is plainly a degraded reminiscence of the Latin god Pan. At any rate, mediæval Europe believed firmly in the existence of myriads of maleficent spirits, which were intensely interested in the frustration of human affairs. This belief was endorsed and encouraged by the teaching derived from the Scriptures, which contain well-known allusions to demons and witchcraft. And it was not confined to the common people, ignorant of letters, and naturally fond of a picturesque theology; but doctors of all sects and parties in the church were devoted to the idea, doubtless thinking that

"Nature is sin, and mind is devil."

Possibly the three great pestilences, which swept over Europe in the fourteenth century, filled the panic-stricken people with fearful thoughts concerning the works of devils, and gave a lasting impetus to the belief and practice of witchcraft. One is startled at the assertion that 300,000 persons, mostly women, have been put to death as witches at one time or another in Europe. The executions were chiefly at the stake; the last taking place as recently as 1782.

The revival of the crusade against witches in

England, in the seventeenth century, was most likely largely brought about by the awakened delight in the Scriptures, consequent on the issue of the new translation; as well as by the publication of King James' book on "Demonology and Witchcraft." James had ever been haunted by a dread of the effects of witchcraft on his own person; and doubtless his deep feeling on the subject awoke the interest of many in place and influence, who otherwise would have felt it beneath their dignity to interfere in so vulgar a matter. In 1541, witchcraft had been made felony without benefit of clergy; and an act of 1582 limited the punishment for the first offence to exposure in the pillory. James found his Parliament pliable; and acts against witchcraft, supplementing those framed in previous reigns, were soon put into force. Of course James' exertions were not responsible for the execution of the 30,000, who have suffered in England alone; though indirectly he had much to do with the 3,000 executions, which took place after his death, during the Commonwealth.

We find on studying the history of Essex, that a strong belief in the existence of devils had prevailed there, time out of mind. The people

believed in the power of these demons to assume at certain times the evanescent forms of animals or men. They believed in the power of mankind to hold communication with these demons; as well as in the power of persons leagued with them to perform almost every variety of wickedness for the gratification of lust; the forecasting of future events; the accumulation of wealth; the attainment of political power; or the destruction of one's enemies.

In the following examples of legal proceedings against witchcraft and witches in Essex, we look in vain for indications of a wealthy imagination. Afrites, genii, and ghouls are of course unknown. No undines, fairies, gnomes, or kobbolds, skip across the delighted fancy. There is no record of the freakish pranks of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow; no record of aerial jaunts on broomsticks. There are no picturesque references to amulets and charms; nothing of the virtues of rowan, elder, or vervain. There are no cauldrons reeking with unearthly broth; no witches' sabbaths; no attempts

> "To find by necromantic art
> How the dest'nies take my part."

Nothing of

> "Witches simpling; and on gibbets
> Cutting from malefactors, snippets."

Nor of

> "Witches, who their contracts have foresworn,
> By their own devils, then to pieces torn."

Nothing of images

> "Moulded, as witches do their clay,
> When they make pictures to destroy."

We hear no commands to

> "Take the unbaptised brat,
> Boil it well, preserve the fat;
> You know 'tis precious to transfer
> Our 'nointed flesh into the air."

We hear nothing of succubi, magic ligature, or lycanthropy; of no fantastic transformations; or, at least, of nothing but merely ordinary, and natural phenomena, coloured by morbid fancies; and misinterpreted by a belief, bordering on madness.

But we do find in the laxity of the law courts, in the depositions of witnesses, in the extorted confessions of the defendants, all the elements of high comedy; tempered only by the fearful fate which befel the chief actors in the curious drama. The victims were women, mostly poor and old, probably ill-favoured and ill-tempered, and likely enough in several instances slightly insane. They were, however, plainly possessed of greater natural

intelligence than the folk about them, whom they had in some way, it may be unintentionally; or in a fit of grim humour, or with an eye to the main chance; inspired with an unwholesome dread of their occult and fatal faculty.

The notorious Mr. Matthew Hopkins, 'gent,' to grant him his own designation, boasts that he had compassed the death of sixty Essex witches in one year—1644. And as he was a most important personage in matters relating to Essex witchcraft, some account of his entrance on the great and chosen work of his life should be in place here. It appears from the gentle Mr. Hopkin's own showing, that in March, 1644, he "had some seven or eight of that horrible sect of witches, living in the town where he lived"—Manningtree, —"with divers other adjacent witches of other towns, who, every six weeks, in the night,"—"had their meetings near his house, and there offered to the devil several solemn sacrifices." Matthew heard one of them send her imps to fetch another witch, and upon her arrival he brought about her apprehension. She was searched by women who knew the "devil's marks," and she was "found to have three teats about her, which honest women have not." This

apparently was Mr. Hopkin's initiation as "witch finder-general," or, as Butler has it,

"Lieger to the devil sent."

In 1645, however, there was a most important haul from the Tendring Hundred; and as the ensuing trial was thought worthy of a special and authorised report, we can do no better than to select from it the more salient points, to illustrate the prevalent notions regarding witches and their craft. The report was issued by authority, in 1645, as "a true and exact relation of the several informations, examinations, and confessions of the late witches, arraigned and executed in the county of Essex." The title further states that the sessions were held at Chelmsford, before the High Sheriff, the Earl of Warwick and several Justices, on the 29th of July, 1645. Sir Harbottle Grimston, Kt. and Bart. M.P., and afterwards Speaker of the Commons, together with Sir Thomas Bowes, Kt., both Essex gentlemen, had conducted the examinations of the accused in the previous March and April. The women were indicted for communion with devils; for entertaining and nourishing imps; and for working mischief on the cattle and persons of their neighbours. Picture the bustle

and din there, in the usually quiet country town; gossips gesticulating, hurrying hither and thither, with heads wagging and tongues clattering; their house-work lying idle and their foolish brains bubbling with surmisals concerning the cases at the sessions. And the nation, heedless of these things, wrestled with the king in the throes of civil contention and fought battles at Naseby and elsewhere, while these very affairs were pending at Chelmsford!

It must be borne in mind, while reading the following notes and abstracts of confessions, that they were largely suggested by astute leading questions; and extorted by most ingeniously brutal cruelties. The poor women, in many instances, were subjected to the floating test, specially favoured by King James. In order to discover "the devil's mark," which was alleged to be impervious to pain, they were pricked all over their bodies with pins, and put to shameful and unspeakable indignities. They were marched to and fro until their feet were blistered and kept without proper rest or sleep until their minds were bewildered and weakened with extreme weariness.

Rebecca Jones, who was indicted for murder

by her spells, thus describes her initiation to the art and mystery of witchcraft. There came to the house of John Bishop, of Clacton, when she was a serving wench there, "a very handsome young man, as she then thought him; but now she thinks it was the devil." He asked Rebecca how she did, and desired to see her left wrist; he then took a pin from her sleeve, and pricked her wrist twice, and "there came out a drop of blood, which he took off with his finger, and so departed." Dromio says:—

> "Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
> A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin."

Three months after, on her way to St. Osyth with her basket of butter, she met a ragged man, who daunted her with his fearsome glaring eyes. He gave her three black tailless four-footed Things, like moles; and bade her nurse them and feed them with milk, and they would avenge her on her enemies. They were her imps, "named Margaret, Annie, and Susan." She sent one, by way of test, to kill a sow at Clacton; another with an imp of Joyce Boane's, to kill Thomas Bumstead, who had beaten her boy. Thomas died about three weeks after. One of her imps also slew the widow of Thomas, and another

afflicted the orphan. There were no lunacy commissioners in those days.

A woman named Hovye, of Hadleigh, told John Rivet, a tailor, that his wife's fits were caused by two women, one of whom dwelt above his house, and the other below. Now Elizabeth Clark lived on the hilltop, and being a reputed witch, was of course suspected. Our friend, Mr. Matthew Hopkins, was called in as an expert: and he watched Elizabeth by night, for the better discovery of her wickedness. She told Mr. Hopkins—under pressure and terror surely—that she had been an intimate of the devil for seven years. He visited her three or four times a week, dressed extravagantly too, wearing a "laced band," and then he slept with Elizabeth.

While Matthew was thus on duty at Elizabeth's house, she summoned a white imp to her; and in a quarter of an hour "there appeared an imp, like to a dog, which was white with some sandy spots, and seemed to be very fat and plump,"—evidently well suckled,—"with very short legs; which forthwith vanished away. That imp was called Jarmara." Mr. Hopkins liked to be particular. "Then came an imp like a greyhound, and called Vinegar Tom. Then came

another, a black imp; and last of all, one shaped like a broad-headed polecat." So much for Matthew's version.

Elizabeth Gooding had sought trust for half-a-pound of cheese from Robert Taylor, who refused credit. Elizabeth went away "muttering and mumbling to herself;" Taylor's horse shortly after fell sick, and baffled the skill of four farriers. "The belly of the horse would rumble, and make a noise like a foul chimney on fire." Another witch had kindly told Taylor that Gooding had afflicted and killed his horse. Satan was obviously here divided against himself.

Mary Greenlief's baby had been heard to cry out in the night—a most unusual thing that—thirty years before. A hare, too, had been seen sitting opposite her door; and when Mary was searched, she shewed the usual sign of having nourished imps.

Mary Johnson used to carry a rat-like imp in her pocket, which she had been seen to send through a hole in the door to rock a cradle. She had even kissed a child, and given it an apple,—but the child died soon after. The mother of the child had also "suffered great pains;" but being properly suspicious, she had clutched and scuffled

with Mary, and drawn blood, thereby naturally dissolving the spell which had afflicted her.

Margaret Moore seems to have been the most gifted of the lot. She had gone heavily into the witch business, keeping as many as twelve imps. These imps cheerfully killed children and cattle, and spoiled batches of bread and vats of beer, as well as the tempers of the bakers and brewers. Margaret had even power over vermin, too, and to all appearances kept plenty in stock, for she sent a shower of them on the clean and tidy Mrs. Rawhood.

Robert Turner, a carpenter, had refused chips to three uncanny old souls, and in a little while his servant man fell into fits of cock-crowing and dog-barking, "crying out on Rose Halleybread that she had bewitched him." Rose was accordingly put through the usual persuasive processes, and a most circumstantial confession wrung from her. She fortunately died, in consequence of the ruthlessness of her inquisitors, and so escaped them.

The imps, seemingly, could be handed on from generation to generation, for we learn that Susan Cook's imps were bequeathed to her by her mother, as a precious legacy. Ann Cate also

received her four imps, "James, Prickeare, Robyn, and Sparrow," in a similar manner.

Rebecca West deposed, among other things, that Anne Leach, Elizabeth Gooding, Helen Clark, Anne West, and herself, met at Elizabeth Clarke's house, where they spent some time praying to their familiars; "and every one, in order, went to their prayers, and afterwards some read in a book." In her prayer, Elizabeth Clarke besought her familiar to scare the horse of Mr. Edwards, of Manningtree, at the middle bridge, when returning from Suffolk, and that Mr. Edwards might be thrown down and never rise again. It came out during the trial, that Mr. Edwards remembered his horse starting, and stumbling, at the bridge; and he heard something "about his horse," shrieking like a polecat, but fortunately his horsemanship was proof against the wiles of Satan.

Rebecca West further deposed, that Anne West, in her prayer, desired that she might be "delivered from her enemies, and have no trouble." The poor old woman had evidently noted a storm brewing, and foreboded sorrow. Anne West seems to have had a better acquaintance with the Scriptures than the others, for John Edes, a parish

clerk, deposed that Anne West had said, in reference to George Frances, who "feared his son was bewitched unto death,"—"Be it unto him according to his faith."

We must introduce one other item, which still refers to Anne West. It illustrates, vividly, the slipshod judicial methods of the time. Sir Thomas Bowes was known in the county as a busy prosecutor of witches. Though one of the justices at these trials, he acted in the triple function of witness, judge, and jury, and volunteered the following second-hand absurdities, which sealed the fate of Anne West:—

> "The testimony of Sir Thomas Bowes, Kt., which he spake upon the Bench, concerning the aforesaid Anne West; shee being then at the Barre, on her tryall."
>
> "'That a very honest man of Manningtree' (Goff, a glover), 'whom he knew would not speak an untruth, affirmed unto him, that very early one morning, as he passed by the said Anne West's dore, about foure a clock, it being a moonlight night, and perceiving her door to be open so early in the morning, looked into the house; and presently, there came three or foure little things, in the shape of black rabbits, leaping and skipping about him; who, having a good stick in his hand, struck at them, thinking to kill them, but he could not,' Goff then caught one, and attempted to dash out its brains, but failing, he tried to wring its head off, 'and as he wrung, and stretched the neck of it, it came out between his hands like a lock of wool.' Not to be foiled, Goff

gripped the thing with both hands, and hurried to a spring near by. He fell twice by the way, and then crawled to the water, and holding the Thing tightly, he plunged his arm to the elbow into the water, and kept it there long enough to drown any respectable rabbit. But when he relaxed his grip, the Thing sprang up through the water, into the air, and 'so vanished away.' Goff then returned to Anne West's house, and found her standing in her smock at the door. He complained of molestation by her imps, and she said, they had not been sent to trouble him, but 'on another designe.'" *

Somebody may possibly be found to say something kind for this credulous old fool, before whom Shallow shines as a wit; who calmly utters this pitiless second-hand testimony of a drunkard. For Goff had plainly lingered over his cups till early morning, when he went wool-gathering with a vengeance. Sir Thomas must be "written down an ass," as Dogberry desired to be. But what can be said of a court of law that received as legal testimony such a fantastic nursery tale.

Ten of the victims were executed at Chelmsford, and four were burned at Manningtree. Margaret Moore died on the way to execution. Rose Halleybread died in gaol, and Rebecca West got off scot free.

* Owing to its length the deposition is condensed, but the derivations from the original report are properly indicated.

One other illustrative item may be inserted here, from the trials of the previous century. In the year 1579, near the time when Queen Elizabeth was making a progress through the county, three poor women from Maldon were executed at Chelmsford. The mother of one of them had been burned already, on a similar charge. And now the daughter was accused of sending an imp, in the form of a toad, to torture her father-in-law, with whom she had a petty feud regarding money. The imp was slow, and not up to its work; and when it was caught and thrust into the grate, "it made the fire burn blue as azure." The accused woman was heard, at the same time, to cry out in great anguish. She was also accused of murdering a child by spells. And during the trial, her son, let us hope in simplicity, deposed that his mother kept her spirits in three bottles, and that she called them "Great Dick, Little Dick, and Willett." It was hazardous in those days to be humorous, for we may safely assume that the jocular woman's spirits had been engendered at the distillery.

The old belief still lingers among the peasantry, and it may be well that the Acts against witchcraft were repealed in the ninth year of George

II., for as late as 1865, a mob of Essex men, at Hedingham, swam a poor, paralysed Frenchman, as a wizard, and the terrified man died of the fright.

But all this is narrow, sordid, and mean. Most of these victims were women, misguided and misunderstood; who had played as little children on that very countryside, in the far past. They had nourished and brought up children, and then, to crown all, they were hurried, desolate and forsaken of men, without hope in God, dazed and bewildered, down into the mysterious eternity; the victims of a purblind justice, and the spitefully officious meddling of fools. Surely Montaigne spake truly, though in reference to another matter, when he said—"It is setting a high value on our conjectures, to roast a man alive on account of them;" and we have sadly to chime in with the frolic Puck—

"Lord! what fools these mortals be."

Charles Dickens and Chigwell.

By Harry Davies.

AFTER a hard tramp along a country road, with the fresh wind blowing in your face; with the blood coursing through every vein; with the dull roar of London far away behind you, and the duller routine of every-day life relegated to the limbo of forgotten things; with the exhilaration of good health, good spirits, and, above all, of good comradeship, making bright your holiday; what a moment is that when, arriving at the village of your destination, lying peaceful and still in the light of the waning afternoon, you turn into the hospitable inn, and into the snug coffee-room of that inn, and into the cosy arm-chair of that coffee-room, and set about ordering your comfortable meal! What visions of mutton-chops, of enticing ham and eggs, of fragrant toast, of steaming tea, of rattling tea-cups, rise before the keen appetite as you sit expectantly before the roaring fire! What a pleasant thrill runs through you when the white cloth is laid, and the gas is



THE "KING'S HEAD," CHIGWELL.

lit, and the blinds are drawn, and the quick waiter or the neat waitress (bless her heart!) says, "All ready, sir!" What *bon camaraderie*, what merry jokes, what honest, innocent enjoyment, what a mighty falling-to! Ah, my good sirs, you have not felt to the full what pleasures there are in life, and how good it is to live, if you have not set-to in the fire-lit room of a rustic inn, on a winter's afternoon, after a long and sturdy trudge along a country road! If you have never tried it, then try it once, and for once you will find that there is something in life after all!

Robert Louis Stevenson has glorified such a moment. Dickens, if anyone, could appreciate such a moment. And such a moment we experienced one keen November afternoon, amidst surroundings hallowed by association with the writer of "Barnaby Rudge." After a long tramp through the Epping Forest, we arrived at the little village of Chigwell, and at the door of that quaint, gabled, inviting inn of the village, known as the King's Head. But who can better describe the pleasure of that moment than Dickens himself, in writing of this very inn! He is dealing with that scene in which Gabriel Varden, after a ride through the dark countryside, arrives at the same

hospitable door, determined to get a light for his chaise, and to "take nothing but a light."

"When he got to the Maypole, however, and Joe, responding to his well-known hail, came running out to the horse's head, leaving the door open behind him, and disclosing a delicious perspective of warmth and brightness—when the ruddy gleam of the fire, streaming through the old red curtains of the common room, seemed to bring with it, as part of itself, a pleasant hum of voices, and a fragrant odour of steaming grog and rare tobacco, all steeped, as it were, in the cheerful glow—when the shadows, flitting across the curtain, showed that those inside had risen from their snug seats and were making room in the snuggest corner (how well he knew that corner!) for the honest locksmith, and a broad glare, suddenly streaming up, bespoke the goodness of the crackling log, from which a brilliant train of sparks was doubtless at that moment whirling up the chimney in honour of his coming—when, superadded to these enticements, there stole upon him from the kitchen a gentle sound of frying, and a musical clatter of plates and dishes, and a savoury smell that made even the boisterous wind a perfume—Gabriel felt his firmness rapidly oozing away.

He tried to look stoically at the tavern, but his features would relax into a look of fondness. He turned his head the other way, and the cold, black country seemed to frown him off and drive him for a refuge into its hospitable arms.

"'The merciful man, Joe,' said the locksmith, 'is merciful to his beast.' I'll get out for a little while."

"And how natural it was to get out. And how unnatural it seemed for a sober man to be plodding wearily along through miry roads, encountering the rude buffets of the wind and pelting of the rain, when there was a clean floor, covered with crisp white sand, a well-swept hearth, a blazing fire, a table decorated with white cloth, bright pewter flagons, and other tempting preparations for a well-cooked meal—when there were these things, and company disposed to make the most of them, all ready to his hand, and entreating him to enjoyment!"

It was a pretty scene which we looked upon as we arrived in the village of Chigwell. On one hand the church, with its wonderful avenue-porch, trimmed out of ancient yews. On the other, the old inn, rambling and picturesque. The peaceful cottages clustering round. Before

us, the darkening perspective of the country road. It almost seemed as if Time had stood still, and as if old John Willet must actually be sitting amongst his "groves of lemons," smoking his stolid pipe, within the snug bar. It almost seemed as if ere long the dull roar of the Gordon Riots must burst upon the ear, and the thud of marching feet violate the sweet silence of the quiet village. How the scenes of the story crowded about us as we stood there! Here it was that Gabriel, his inclination for the cosy fireside of the inn overcoming his dread of his wife's displeasure, dismounted from his chaise, with that lame remark about the merciful man and his beast. Hither it was that the rioters came on their work of destruction on that dark night so wonderfully described in the fifty-fourth chapter of "Barnaby Rudge." Within the warm shelter of the inn, too, Time seemed to have moved forward not one jot. This old-fashioned wainscoted room, with its diamond-paned windows, its low ceiling, its high-backed chairs, its great fireplace, surely it was only last night that bluff Geoffrey Haredale and the suave Chester held their parley here! But alas for imaginings! The dream is rudely dispelled by the entry of

two hearty young cyclists, who have ridden from London, and who whistle merrily as they come in, all aglow with life and spirits, the opening bars of the latest music-hall ditty!

Chigwell, as every reader of Dickens knows, forms the artistic setting, the back-ground scene if you will, of "Barnaby Rudge." How deftly it is woven into the story by the master-hand! What a peaceful idyllic contrast it supplies to the roar and rumble of London, the lurid glare of the riots! How cunningly, and with what incomparable art its rustic peace and seclusion are dwelt upon! The change of scene from town to Chigwell, and from Chigwell back to town, only serves to emphasise the vividness of the contrast. The story opens at Chigwell. It ends there. It opens with old John Willet and Tom Cobb and Solomon Daisy and the rest of them gossiping around the cosy fire on a windy March night. It ends with young Joe and bonny Dolly installed as husband and wife in the same old inn. Dickens had evidently fallen in love with the rustic village when he visited it with a view to the writing of the story. "Chigwell, my dear fellow," he wrote to Forster, "is the greatest place in the world. Name your day

for going. Such a delicious old inn opposite the churchyard—such a lovely ride—such beautiful forest scenery—such an out-of-the-way rural place—such a sexton! I say again, name your day!"

It might be only yesterday that Dickens wrote this, as far as the inn is concerned. Small wonder that we fell a-dreaming in the twilight, and expecting to see dear thick-headed old John walk out of the bar. The inn is as "delicious" as ever, with its gables and its diamond panes and its oaken-panelled room. But certain signs of modernity in the village step in to destroy the illusion. A spick-and-span pavement has been laid before the cottages. There are new buildings to be seen that speak clearly of town-life not far away. The interior of the church (at which, on a later occasion, we heard one of the purest and manliest Gospel sermons it has ever been our good fortune to listen to) is modernity itself, with its new seats and other improvements, although the old part still stands as a monument to Time.

There are those who maintain that the King's Head at Chigwell has no right to the distinction of being the prototype of Dickens's Maypole.

It is urged that the name of the Maypole was borrowed by the novelist from another inn of that name situate at Chigwell Row, about one mile distant from Chigwell; that the Maypole in question is the Phœnix, as it were, which has sprung out of the ashes of another and more ancient Maypole which once stood nearer the site of the King's Head, and was burnt or pulled down; that it was this ancient Maypole which Dickens had in his mind when he wrote the story; and that it is to the present inn of that name, therefore, that the chief distinction belongs, by reason of its hereditary claim, and also by reason of the fact that it suggested the name to Dickens. This is mere quibbling. That the name was borrowed from the Maypole, either past or present, does not in the least matter. It was clearly the King's Head that Dickens had in his mind when he wrote the story, some parts of which he is said to have penned under its very roof. Does not the sentence in the quotation above dispose of the question completely, apart from any other evidence?—"*Such a delicious old inn, opposite the churchyard.*" It is the King's Head, and no other, that stands opposite the churchyard. That is the whole point of the

matter; and it is the King's Head which is lovingly known, and ever will be known to all admirers of the novelist, as "Dickens's Maypole."

It is said that many bits of scenery sketched by Dickens around Chigwell can be identified. This is rather doubtful. But whether it be so or not, the mere fact that it is asserted goes to prove the loving interest taken in the novels of Dickens, and in the scenes wherein they were laid. Even the waiter at the King's Head put his chin in his hand on the evening of our visit and said reflectively, "I wonder where the Warren was!" And, indeed, no true lover of the novelist who lives within reach of the Essex borders, could resist the temptation to visit and survey the rustic scenes so vividly described in "Barnaby Rudge."

They stand, for the most part, as we might imagine them to have stood in the days of Dickens, yea, even in the days of the Gordon Riots—the church; the "delicious old inn;" the "forest scenery;" the quiet fields and lanes around. Chigwell is still in the heart of the country, and he who makes his way there on foot and allows night to overtake him ere he sets out

on his return journey, will have to plunge into a long stretch of black darkness, past many converging lanes, over-hanging trees, shadowy hedgerows, and lonely copses, before he reaches civilisation again, in the form of gas-lit roads.

Hadleigh Castle.

By John T. Page.

> "Passing by some monument that stoops
> With age, whose ruins plead for a repair,
> Pity the fall of such a goodly pile."

THE imagination of a man requires a considerable amount of stretching ere he can grasp, with any degree of accuracy, events which took place more than six centuries ago. Amongst the numerous plans which may be adopted in order to excite mental elacticity, none can be more fruitful than a careful study of any particular event on the spot where it received its birth.

What child has not read the pathetic story of Hubert de Burgh and his refusal to put out the eyes of Prince Arthur of Brittany? What student of Shakespeare has not lingered long and lovingly over the pathetic interview between the humane Hubert and his little royal captive? Truly it may be said that the introduction of the name of Hubert de Burgh into the play of *King John*, has alone secured for him an immortality for all time. With this one episode in his

eventful life, however, the subject is generally dismissed. Time has to a large extent misted over the rest of his career, and it will be news to some to learn that the man who refused to carry out the cruel behests of the hateful John, also commanded the victorious English fleet in its first great encounter with the French, A.D., 1217; and anon found time to superintend the building in Essex of one of the finest castles which have ever been erected in that county.

It was in the year 1231 that Hubert de Burgh laid the foundations of Hadleigh Castle. He was at this time the most powerful man in the kingdom, being Chief Justiciar and Sheriff of seven English counties. An old patent roll still records how King Henry III. granted to Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and Justiciary of England, and Margaret, his wife, permission to construct themselves a castle at Hadleigh. It is almost incredible to comtemplate that a little more than a year afterwards Hubert had been impeached by the King as a traitor, and by his orders dragged from a chapel at Brentwood, where he had fled for sanctuary. This was the precursor of his fall, for although he eventually regained his liberty, he was shorn of all his former

power. His estates were escheated to the Crown, and Hadleigh Castle became a royal possession. Hubert died at Banstead, Surrey, in 1243.

In 1268, King Henry placed the castle in charge of Richard de Tany, and in 1299, Edward I. assigned it to Queen Margaret. Royal accounts for the year 1369 are still extant, which show that for doing certain repairs to the castle, one John de Tydelside was paid twelve pence a day. Much important work was done to the structure at this time, and the same accounts set forth the purchase of

"Greenhithe Chalk at 7d. per ton.
Kentish Rag at 4½d. per ton.
Reigate Stone at 2s. per ton.
And crests scalloped in Kentish Stone at seventeen pence a foot."

Albery de Vere, tenth Earl of Oxford, received Hadleigh Castle as a gift for life from Richard II., and on his death in 1400 it again reverted to the Crown. The next owner was Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York, but his life interest quickly lapsed, for he died on August 1st, 1404.

In 1452, Henry VI. granted to his uterine brother, Edmund, Earl of Richmond, the castle and manor of Hadleigh, and also the right to

hold a market there on the Wednesday of every week.

In the troublous years which followed, we hear very little of Hadleigh Castle, but in 1540, Henry VIII. granted the castle and manor to Anne of Cleves, by way of maintenance after obtaining his divorce. In 1551, the young king, Edward VI., gave Hadleigh to Richard, Lord Rich and his heirs, "to hold by the 40th part of a Knight's fee." From him it descended to the Warwick family, in whose possession it may be said to have continued until Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke, sold it to Sir Francis St. John, of Longthorpe, in Northamptonshire.

To come down to more recent times, it is of course in the memory of every one how in the year 1891 the Hadleigh Castle estate was acquired by the Salvation Army, so that the erst-while warriors of Hubert de Burgh and his descendents have now been replaced by soldiers of a totally different type, who, to say the least, form a picturesque accompaniment to the surroundings. Though the present owners in extending their brickfields are inclined at times to nibble a bit at the Castle mound, and occasionally to erect one of their tin-looking buildings a trifle too near the

spot, it is devoutly to be hoped that the "General" will faithfully keep his promise not to destroy the grand old ruin.

Beyond the remains of a couple of tall towers on the east side of the hill, and a shapeless mass of masonry on the west side, there is very little now to be seen above ground of the noble castle which owed its existence to the enterprise of the great Hubert de Burgh. To the eye of the uninitiated it would at once appear that the main entrance lay between these eastern towers, but in point of fact there was only a very small opening on this side, close under the northernmost tower. A gentle acclivity, about a quarter-of-a-mile in length, leads up to this entrance from the level ground. This huge embankment is partly a natural formation, and seems at once to suggest the possibility of an attack from this quarter. Probably for this reason the main entrance was constructed on the opposite side of the castle in the north-west corner, and was approached from the direction of Hadleigh village by a small and unpretentious lane. There were no fewer than six towers originally in various positions round the walls, but with the exception of the two which still

stand out boldly against the sky at the east end, there is nothing but the foundations to indicate their positions.

The shape of the castle appears to have been arranged by the architect in exact accord with the formation of the hill, and may be roughly described as an imperfect oval. The area of the space between the walls is about an acre and a half, the length from east to west being 337 feet, and the extreme width 180 feet. The outer level of the walls is much below that of the interior surface, but this is caused by the rapid slope of the hill.

At the right of the main entrance in the north-west corner probably stood the principal tower. It is now razed to the ground, but its foundations show that it was circular in shape, about twenty feet in diameter, and that its walls were eight feet thick. Of the two towers which still partly remain, the one at the south-east corner is by far the finest. They were originally identical in shape and size, but the north-east tower is now in a very cracked and ruinous state. The external walls are circular in shape, but internally their form is hexagonal. The towers may have been originally about sixty feet high. At the base the walls are nine feet thick, but this speedily

decreases to a uniform thickness of five feet. Like the rest of the castle they are constructed outwardly of Kentish Rag, the interior being lined throughout with square blocks of chalk, and the whole of the masonry strongly cemented together with mortar of a most tenacious description. Each tower consisted of two stories, and in the first story of the south-east tower may still be seen the remains of some herring-bone work, which probably went to form the back of the fireplace. The walls are pierced by several loopholes which, outwardly, are very narrow, but are widely splayed towards the interior. Some of them contain the remains of iron bars, and the sockets in which the bars were fixed. These two towers were connected by a straight curtain wall about twenty feet high. Some of its masonry still stands to a height of a couple of feet or so. This wall was sixty-six feet long, and eight feet thick. The rest of the walls of the castle varied from four to six feet in thickness.

Undoubtedly the most interesting part of the structure now to be seen is on the south side. In the centre of the south wall formerly stood a large semi-circular tower. Very little of it is left now, but a large mass of masonry torn from the walls,

leans upon them from the ground below. This peculiar formation has probably been caused by a landslip at some time or other. Beneath this rude arch at the base of the main wall is a narrow entrance to a curved passage. It is only two feet wide, and tortuously winds upwards into a small shaft or room. Probably it formed one of the means of access to the castle dungeons, for the remains of apartments of some kind may be distinctly traced all along the interior of the south wall.

A tower corresponding in position and many other respects with the southern tower also guarded the north wall of the castle. Of this nothing is now visible except the foundations.

Close by the site of the large tower which guarded the main entrance in the north-west corner may still be seen on the inner wall the indications of an open fireplace. The sooty windings of the chimney may be traced up the surface of the wall, of which a large piece is here left standing.

The whole of the space within the circuit of the walls is now covered with verdure, amidst which luxuriate quantities of nettles and thistles, with a smaller following of other wild plants, such as

yarrow, horehound, mallow, burdock, milk-thistle, hound's-tongue, etc.

It is pure matter of conjecture as to when the castle was destroyed, but it may be mentioned that the late Mr. H. W. King—than whom no better authority could be quoted—was of opinion that it was demolished about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Every writer on Hadleigh Castle owes a deep debt to the researches of Mr. "Antiquary" King, and as a fitting conclusion to this slight sketch, his vivid description of the view from the summit of the hill may fitly be reproduced :—

"Eastward, upon the left it commands the line of hills towards Leigh, which lies about two miles distant, embosomed among trees, and appears almost to rise from the sea; thence, over the estuary of the Thames, to the German Ocean, the prospect extends till only the tops of the shipping can be discerned cutting the distant horizon. To the south-east are seen the islands of Thanet, Sheppey, and Grain, and the mouth of the Medway; southward flows the broad Thames, with the verdant and beautifully-wooded hills of Kent on its further shore. And life and deep interest are given to the picture by the innumer-

able sails passing to and fro between the great metropolis and every corner of the earth—sails multiplied more than one hundred fold since the days when the great Justiciary looked down upon them from the majestic and frowning fortress, out of whose ruins we (have been) endeavouring to eliminate the features which indicate its ancient grandeur and magnificence."

Such is the sight which unrolls itself before the ravished gaze of those whose footsteps linger on the Essex heights, from which still frown the picturesque and weather-beaten remnants of Hadleigh Castle.

Daniel Defoe in Essex.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT.*

THE Foe family, to which belonged Daniel Foe, afterwards Defoe, the famous author of "Robinson Crusoe," were connected with Essex as early as the fifteenth century. They resided at Chadwell, near Tilbury. In 1605, Edmund Foe, a married man, was buried there, and the marriage of his daughter Katherine was solemnized there in 1621.

It was, in all probability, owing to the fact that his kinsfolk had lived at Chadwell that Daniel Defoe, in 1694, set up pantile works in the parish. The site of his brickyard is unfortunately not known. For a time all went prosperously with him. He had a fine house "near the river's edge," he set up a coach, and kept a pleasure boat.

By and by came evil days. His friend, King William, died. The publication of his "Shortest Way with Dissenters," lodged him in Newgate,

* Author of the "Life of Daniel Defoe," &c.

and the long imprisonment proved the ruin of the pantile business. His losses amounted to £3,500. To use his own words, "Violence, injury, and barbarous treatment demolished him and his undertakings." Amongst other things that his enemies said was that he "required bricks without paying his labourers." Perhaps this accusation arose from the dispute, in June, 1703, relative to a bill for beer which had been supplied to Defoe's workmen. The dispute ended in a Chancery suit, and Defoe's defence is preserved in the Record Office. It is dated July 3rd, 1703, three days after Defoe was last pilloried. How the suit ended we do not know, but possibly a compromise was agreed to, for Defoe, though he "denied that he owed Chapman (the publican) £53 6s., or near that sum," expressed his willingness "to come to a fair account with Chapman."

When hard-pressed for lack of men, Defoe would sometimes invite into his tile-yard any loafers or beggars who happened to be in the neighbourhood, though with ill-success. "I affirm of my own knowledge," says he, "when I have wanted a man for labouring work, and offered nine shillings a week to strolling fellows at my door, they have frequently told me to my

face that they could get more a-begging; and I once set a lusty fellow in the stocks for making the experiment."

One incident that occurred at Chadwell very much tickled Defoe's fancy, and he subsequently made use of it in order to illustrate what might happen if the High-fliers persisted in the persecution of the Dissenters. One day, two of his brickmakers, who had quarrelled, fell to boxing. One got the other down and beat him unmercifully; thereupon the prostrate man cried out, "Pay me, Peter; pay me, Peter—'twill be my turn by-and-by." Peter did his best, and being a strong fellow, laid on sufficiently; but presently the other, seizing the opportunity of Peter's being out of breath, suddenly sprang up, and Peter being below, "used him accordingly." This anecdote Defoe, with his compliments, commended to the study of the High-fliers.

"Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719.

At Colchester, Defoe had a valued friend, the Rev. William Smithies, Rector of St. Michael's, Mile End. In this town, too, are laid the early scenes in that wonderful and realistic story, "Moll Flanders." It was at Colchester Moll was left by a "crew of those people they call gipsies

or Egyptians." Here she was taught "to spin worsted, which is the chief trade of that city;" here she grew up into womanhood, and married—first the younger son of the lady of the house, and afterwards "an amphibious creature," a gentleman draper. Thirty years later, visiting the town in the capacity of an "artist," she remarks—"It was with no little pleasure that I saw the town where I had so many pleasant days; and I made my inquiries after the good friends I had once had there;" nor would it be rash to conclude that Colchester had pleasant memories for Defoe too.

In 1722 Mr. Smithies negotiated on Defoe's behalf a lease for ninety-nine years of an estate called "Severallo, or Kingswood Heath," which included Tubbiswick or Brinckley Farms, the whole of it the property of the Mayor and commonalty of the town. The rent was to be £120 yearly. The estate, however, was purchased not for Defoe himself, but for his daughter, Hannah, whom a few months previous he had temporally endowed with stock in the South Sea Company, "purchased when it was below its intrinsic value, after the bursting of the Bubble." The lease of Kingswood Heath was granted on

August 6th, 1722, and for it Defoe was to pay £1,000, namely, the first moiety of £500 at Michaelmas, 1722, and the second moiety at Michaelmas, 1723 ; but when the second moiety became due, Defoe was short of cash, consequently the lease had to be mortgaged to one Mary Newton for £200, which, with its interest, was not paid off till four years later, on the 13th of November, 1727. The investment turned out a good one, for the value of the estate improved rapidly, and "Hannah Defoe lived upon her income in respectable gentility until her death, in 1759, when she left her property to a son of her sister Henrietta."

In 1724 Defoe published his "Tour through Great Britain," one of the most charming of his works, and the part relating to Essex, is, as might be expected, particularly interesting. He has much to say of its bay trade and of famous Wanstead House.

Some of the stories he tells are rather tall ones, nor does the fact of their reception from hearsay in any way excuse him, for the rogue evidently enjoyed them ; as, for example, that about the unwholesomeness of the Essex marshes which carried off the women, "insomuch that all along

this country it was very frequent to meet with men that had had from five or six to fourteen or fifteen wives; nay, and some more. And I was informed that in the marshes on the other side of the river, over against Candy, there was a farmer who was then living with the five-and-twentieth wife, and that his son, who was but about thirty-five years old, had already had about fourteen." Notice the "about." Defoe had this only "by report, though from good hands, too." The reason for the disappearance of the women he learnt was this, that the men being bred in the marshes themselves and seasoned to the place, did pretty well with it, but that the women, whom they obtained from the hilly country, to which they always resorted when they wanted a fresh wife, not being used to the damp air, presently changed their complexions, got an ague or two, and seldom held it above half a year, or a year at most. And then, said Defoe's informer, "we go to the uplands again and fetch another." It is only fair to Defoe to say that he found out afterwards, and put it on record, that one of his informers had "fibbed a little."

The great novelist died in 1731, and is buried at Bunhill Fields in London.

Harbottle Grimston, Puritan and Patriot.

By George Rickword.

IN the extreme south-east of the district of Holderness, in the county of York, is a hamlet known in Domesday as Grimston's Garth. Here was seated a family, named from the little settlement, for whom the heralds certified the inevitable descent from one Sylvester, a standard bearer at the battle of Hastings. However, that may be, Camden records, *circa* 1600, that Grimstons had long flourished there, and it is certain that William made considerable grants to his followers in that district.

Early in the fifteenth century, a younger son, leaving the low-lying shores washed by the restless waves of the North Sea, married the daughter of a Suffolk squire, and settled down in that county. His descendant, Edward Grimston, was Comptroller of Calais in 1552. When the town fell into the hands of the French in 1558, he was captured and confined for two years in the Bastile. Thence, aided by a faithful servant and

a stout rope, he escaped, and returned to England, whereupon his neighbours at Ipswich elected him as their representative in Parliament, he probably sharing their strong Puritan proclivities. He was knighted by Elizabeth, and died a few years before the Queen at the ripe age of ninety-eight. About 1570, his eldest son, Edward Grimston, bought from the Waldegrave family the estate and manor of Bradfield Hall, where, in 1577, his son and heir, named from his maternal grandmother, Harbottle was born. In this pleasant spot, overlooking the broad estuary of the Stour, with the little town of Manningtree nestling on the low ground beneath, and further on the broad vale of Dedham, with its stately church tower, and the heights of Bergholt, Edward Grimston reared a goodly family, served his country as member for Eye, passed away in 1610, and was buried in the little church whose walls are still adorned with his memorial.

His successor, the first Harbottle Grimston, married early in life, and was already the father of a goodly family—his second son, Harbottle, being born at Bradfield Hall on January 27th, 1603. He was created a Baronet in 1612, served as High Sheriff in 1614, was

an active magistrate, hunting out and fining Recusants, and busily employed in superintending the fortification of Landguard and Harwich.

Trained from his birth in such an atmosphere, it is little wonder that young Harbottle grew up active, self-reliant, and self-controlled, as became the son of a Puritan gentleman of moderate estate.

About four miles from Bradfield lies the village of Dedham, then a thriving clothing town, whose wealthier inhabitants had recently established a Town Lecturer and a Grammar School—the former institution being at this time a favourite device of the Puritans.

It is not unlikely that the young Grimstons received their early training here, schools in those days knowing little of class distinctions. Whether he acquired his rudiments here or at home, he was entered as a Pensioner at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1619. This, too, was a Puritan stronghold, founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1584, and was noted for the "good order, studious carriage, strict government, and austere piety" of its students. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge at this time was Dr. Harsnett, Bishop of

Chichester, son of a Colchester baker, and doubtless among the undergraduates were John and Charles Lucas, whose father the Bishop styles "his dearest friend," though, with the hereditary bias of their respective family traditions, it is hardly likely much intercourse took place between the future leaders of the Colchester loyalist and Puritan parties. From the University young Grimston passed to Lincoln's Inn. His contemporary, William Prynne, refers in scathing terms to the "inns of Court men, who prove altogether lawless, instead of lawyers, and forget that little learning, grace, and virtue, which they had before," since "one of the first things they learn as soon as they are admitted is to see stage plays and take smoke at a play house." Such jaundiced views were not likely to prevail with the young lawyer, who, by the death of his brother, became, in 1624, his father's heir, and contemplated abandoning his profession and settling down as a country gentleman.

That he did not do so was owing to Sir George Croke, to whose daughter Mary he was attached, who refused his consent to the match unless the young lover followed his profession. In 1625, Sir Harbottle was made a free burgess of Colchester,

and in the following February was returned Member of Parliament for that borough, with the town clerk, William Towse, as his colleague. He did not sit, as he had also secured his election for the county, his son-in-law, Christopher Harris, brother to Sir Arthur Harris, M.P. for Maldon, representing Harwich, thus giving him a position of influence in the county second only to Sir Francis Barrington. In February, 1627, Sir Harbottle, with his neighbour, Sir Paul Bayning, and his colleague, Sir Francis Barrington, was summoned before the Council for refusing to subscribe to a forced loan, and committed to the Tower. He was released June the 2nd, on his physician's certificate of ill-health, and apparently submitted to the king.

On the 16th of April, 1629, Harbottle Grimston and Mary Croke were married at the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West. Sir George Croke was a judge of the King's Bench, and one of those who gave Charles an opinion favourable to the imposition of the hated ship money. His escape in after years from the punishment meted out to his fellow judges by the Long Parliament, was doubtless due to his powerful son-in-law.

The death of his brother-in-law, in 1628, gave

Harbottle Grimston a seat for a few weeks in Parliament as member for Harwich, and on the retirement of Sir Edward Coke in 1634, he was elected recorder for that borough. In 1637, he purchased the mansion of the Stephens family, on the site of the ancient monastery of the Crouched Friars in Colchester, and here he lived with his wife and a family of six sons and two daughters; his eldest son, George, and his orphan nephew, Christopher Harris, being pupils at the Royal Grammar School.

When the eleven years of personal rule, during which Charles had managed to estrange the gentry, embitter the Puritans, and alienate the great middle classes, were over, the Recorder of Colchester, to which post Harbottle Grimston had been elected in August, 1638, was chosen member for the borough to the Short Parliament of 1640; his father, who sat for Essex, having been one of those who went down to York to petition the king to call this Parliament.

In the following October he was again returned, having as his colleague the Puritan leader, Sir John Barrington.

The Grimstons appear to have belonged to the moderate section of the opposition, and re-

presented the conservative instincts of the squirearchy and the legal profession, as opposed to the royal policy of an exaltation of the kingly power—popular support, as we understand it, they neither expected, nor probably cared for. In the House they both took up at once a strong position on the religious question, indeed Sir John Bramston reports the Recorder as saying, in 1639, "As for little Laud, I will venture a limb at him;" and adds, "which he afterwards did."

That his views at this time were not altogether opposed to Episcopacy, may be seen by his argument with Selden, when he admitted that the divine right of bishops was arguable, but gave his opinion that the higher right of presbyters was unanswerable. Speaking further on this question, he declared "the commonwealth had been miserably massacred, and all property and liberty shaken, the church distracted, the gospel and professors of it persecuted." That the bishops had given cause for this outburst is admitted even by church historians, more probably by their political absolutism than by their ceremonial restorations, which, at any rate, in many parts of the country merely sanctioned and continued customs unbroken from pre-reforma-

tion times. The fathers had eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth were set on edge: the Erastian character of the Reformation had obscured the spiritual side of the church, and driven into revolt many who only desired a return to primitive doctrine and discipline, guided by the loving hand of a mother rather than enforced with the stern authority of a father. Sir Harbottle was one of the committee appointed to deal with "scandalous ministers," and scandalously indeed they appear to have dealt with them. Doubtless some idle and inefficient ministers were deprived, but with them scores of parish priests were condemned unheard, accused, on the testimony of informers, of profligacy and vice, of joining too frequently with their flocks in recreation, of inability to preach "sound doctrine" (as warranted by the local gossips), or "painful sermons" (as with, to our ears, unconscious humour, orthodox discourses were called), of trifling matters of personal devotion or even of obedience to the plain law of the church, all equally obnoxious and equally damning facts.

When Parliament had completed the judicial murder of the Primate, who atoned by his death as a Christian for his mistakes as a politician, the

county was divided into classes of ministers and ruling elders on the Presbyterian model. The Recorder was an elder in St. Mary's parish, Colchester, where he resided, and the mob having rifled the mansion of the Lucases (as a century earlier they had rifled the abbey it had succeeded), and the property of all the principal loyalists having been sequestrated, he was probably all powerful in the town. It was at this time (1644) that he published in Latin a devotional work entitled "Strena Christiana," immediately afterwards published in English as "A Christian's New Year's Gift," dedicated to his well-beloved son and heir, George Grimston.

A perusal of this tiny volume reveals a calmness, a moderation and a catholic spirit much at variance with his public career. Not a single bitter word is there, not a line that implies adhesion to the dour calvinism parliament was endeavouring to stereotype for all time, but a spirit of charity and of rational English piety worthy of a disciple of the judicious Hooker or the saintly Andrewes. Its references to the creeds and sacraments, to custom and established ceremonies, to good works, to public worship and to the adornment of churches, might have received the imprimatur of

Laud himself; its high estimation of the clerical order and the royal office, if not submissive enough for Strafford, would have satisfied Hyde and Falkland; and its fervent charity, its inculcation of alms-giving, of personal humility, of imitation of saints, read strangely from the pen of one who assisted in the proscription of the Book of Common Prayer, and whose allies tried to root out the Church of England and made "havoc of all the houses of God in the land." The spirit in which he wrote was that common to the nobler minds of both parties, belonging rather to the humane culture of the Elizabethan age than to the narrow pedantries of the Separatists—the spirit in which a contemporary poet sings:—

> "How happy is he born, or taught
> That serveth not another's will;
> Whose armour is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his highest skill.
>
> Whose passions not his masters are,
> Whose soul is still prepared for death,
> Not tied unto the world with care
> Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath."

About this time the Recorder lost his dearly loved wife, and in 1647 his father's death caused his succession to the title and estates. When the Kentish rising took place in 1648, he was captured

at Chelmsford, but immediately released, and sent to London to treat for peace. But though Parliament desired peace, the Army did not, and so the unwilling Fairfax, terrorized by his military council, carried out the siege of Colchester to its tragic end. Grimston was sent by the Houses with Denzil Holles to negotiate with Charles, and the loyal Clarendon bears witness to his zeal and sincerity in his efforts to close the breach. Burnet even states that he accused Cromwell to his face of a design to coerce Parliament, which he denied on his knees, but of this there is no corroboration. The Commons indeed voted Charles' concessions sufficient basis for a treaty, but the next morning Pride's dragoons showed how representative government was understood by the army, and a majority was formed by the simple process of locking up the dissentients. Sir Harbottle Grimston was committed to the Tower, where he remained until after the trial and execution of the King. He resigned the Recordership of Colchester on the 6th of July, 1649, and went abroad, devoting his leisure to the education of his children and to editing the reports of his father-in-law, Sir George Croke.

In 1655, he returned to England, subscribing

£20 towards the relief of sufferers from the plague at Colchester. The following year he was chosen member for Essex, but Cromwell would not allow him to take his seat, upon which he and ninety-seven fellow-sufferers published an indignant protest.

On the death of the great Protector, when there appeared a probability of a return to constitutional government, Thomas Peeke, Mayor of Colchester, sent a letter inviting Sir Harbottle to resume his trust as last legally elected member for the borough.

Bramston's account says "Munck called the secluded members to come to their places (they were Presbyterians who were thrown out of the house by Cromwell and the armie), which many of them did, and he appoints out of them a secret council. Amongst these was Grimston, Maynard, Swinfen, old Lenthall, etc., but he had agreed with them to dissolve as soon as they had issued out writs for a free parliament. The king at that time was in France, in exile, but warily and wisely had removed to Breda, near the seaside. The county of Essex, I mean the nobilitie (except the Earl of Warwick) the gentry generally, and much the greater part of the yeomanrie chose

myself and Mr. Edward Turnor for their knights. All that had been active as J.P.'s, committemen, sequestrators, etc., opposed and the clergiemen also, the generaltie of which were in sequestered livings, or in no orders, not many in Presbyterian orders—these set up Sir Harbottle Grimston and one Mr. Raymond and a great contest there was." With great glee the old cavalier recounts how the Earl of Warwick over-reached himself, "frettinge himselfe into a feavere," and imagining the strength of his opponents lay in the noise of their hangers-on rather than in the votes of the freeholders, declined to be satisfied with a seat for Sir Harbottle, so found both his candidates at the bottom of the poll, Bramston having 500 majority. The latter did not enjoy the return match, April 25th, 1660, when the old Parliament men over-reached the young ones, and elected Sir Harbottle Grimston Speaker of the Convention, while the others were leisurely returning from the sermon at St. Margaret's.

With equal bitterness he speaks of the way the King was made "to believe the Presbyterians did the work (the Restoration) and accordinglie that partie, whoe had the money too, the Cavaliers being generally poore, got all employ-

ments." "The Speaker, Grimston, made Master of the Rolls; these men, the Chamberlaine especially, sold all offices and the Presbyterians purchased them."

The Speaker's oration in welcoming Charles seems to our taste exceedingly fulsome; the King's reply was certainly curt but not undignified, and Sir Harbottle, speaking many years afterwards, said "my proposer told me I had not full order for what I said, and was too lavish with my tongue." He, however, had the honour of entertaining Charles at his residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 25th of June, 1660, and sat on the commission which tried the regicides.

Sir Harbottle again essayed to represent the county of Essex in the Parliament of 1660, but the Cavalier spirit was rising so he had again to be content with Colchester, and recognizing the improbability of being again chosen Speaker, he accepted, in November, the post of Master of the Rolls, for which he is said to have paid £8,000 to Clarendon.

He was now living at Gorhambury which he had purchased from a relative of his second wife, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Culford Hall. Of her Burnet says "she had all the high

notions for the church and crown in which she had been bred, but was the humblest, the devoutest, the best tempered person I ever knew of that sort." The worthy bishop descants at some length on their charity and piety—his judicial impartiality, and her care for the sick and those in prison. To this period we may attribute the fine portrait by Lely in the National Portrait Gallery, where Sir Harbottle is represented in his black and gold robes, and looks worthy of the eulogium pronounced by Sir Henry Chauncey on "his amiable fancy, quick apprehensive memory, eloquent tongue, and sound judgment." He appears to have accepted, if he did not support, the legislation against the nonconformists, but after fifteen years' silence his voice again roused 'the listening senate' on October the 25th, 1675, when he declared "a standing Parliament is as inconvenient as a standing Army." A prorogation of fifteen months was the King's answer. In February, 1677, he questioned whether parliament had not thus been *ipso facto* dissolved, and being called upon to address the chair, declared "he had almost forgot the chair, it was so long since he saw it." His old zeal against the Papists broke out in April, on the Bill for preserving the Protestant Religion, in which

he scented the heresy of toleration, and opined "we may as well make a good fan out of a pig's tail as a good bill out of this." Parliament being at last dissolved in January, 1679, Colchester again returned him to that which met the following March. The King having refused to confirm the election of the Speaker, long debates ensued, and the veteran constitutionalist declared "he had not searched for precedents, his eyes were not good, he was infirm and unable to search—but all the same, the royal approval was a mere form and unnecessary"—and concluded "if you part with this you part with all." Three other speeches of his to the same effect are recorded, but in the end the house yielded, only to be dissolved in May.

Two Parliaments followed in rapid succession, but though Petitioners and Abhorrers fought for the second seat at Colchester, both acquiesced in the return of Sir Harbottle Grimston—once with a Tory and once with a Whig colleague. The apparent triumph of the country party was neutralized by their violence and impatience, and the collapse of the pretended Popish plots, and the failure of the Exclusion Bill, produced a profound reaction all over the country. So,

bearing the labour and sorrow of his four-score years, saddened by the apparent triumph of absolutism, by the flight of some of his political friends, and the execution and banishment of others, the great Master of the Rolls breathed his last at Gorhambury, on December the 13th, 1683.

He was interred in St. Michael's Church at St. Albans, which town his only surviving son, Samuel, represented in Parliament from 1679 to his death in 1700 (King James' Parliament only excepted). With his death the title and family of Sir Harbottle became extinct in the male line, the present Earl of Verulam being descended from the elder daughter of the subject of this sketch.

Although no costly marble marks his tomb, the poet Dryden's lines aptly describe his fame :—

> "Of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
> Endowed by Nature, and by learning taught
> To move assemblies, who but only tried
> The worse awhile, then chose the better side."

It is to be regretted that the borough he so long and ably served has no memorial of one who throughout a long and chequered career, kept his honour unstained, and whatever his errors of judgment, never knowingly chose the baser part.

In the Reign of Terror.

By George Rickword.

FOUR centuries had passed since (A.D. 1120) the great Dapifer, Hubert de Rie, to whose father the Conqueror owed life and throne, the trusted Councillor of three Norman Kings, the man who walked uprightly and dealt justly, so that the burghers, whose privileges had exempted them alike from the glory and the ruin of Senlac, begged for him as their overlord, was laid at rest in the Abbey which he had founded, mindful not only of his duty to his King when he built the stately keep we still possess, not only of the comfort of his dearly-loved Rohesia, in the mansion which tradition avers he erected between the Moot Hall and the Church of the Blessed Trinity, but of the spiritual health of his tenants and fellow-burghers, who needed a loftier conception of religion than was presented by the secular Saxon clergy of the town of Colchester.

Thirty abbots had since gone to their own place, to receive the reward due to their works,

whether good or evil, and now on the Festival of the Annunciation of our Lady, in the year of grace, 1533, after governing his monks for ten troubled years, John Barton, last but one of the mitred abbots of Colchester, passed to his rest.

The King's licence to choose

> "a manly man, to ben an abbot able,"

doubtless followed on the notification of his death, and it appears probable that, as was the case at Glastonbury, the monks delegated their choice to some one in authority. It was not, however, till June the 10th, that Thomas Marshall (whom Father Gasquet has proved to be the person also known as John Beche), Abbot of St. Werburgh's, Chester, was elected in his room. The delay, so much longer than in former or parallel cases, shows that the King and his minister, Cromwell, found the selection a matter of some difficulty.

St. Werburgh's, which experienced a very different fate to St. John's at Colchester, seeing that it was made the stool of the Bishop of Chester, and is now all glorious within and without, as in the days of old, was valued at £1,003, whereas St. John's was only worth £523; but when we find that a late abbot, named Birchenshaw, was about this time reinstated in the

former abbey, the call from the banks of the Dee to those of the Colne is not, after all, so inexplicable to the student of human nature.

From the evidence at his trial, it is plain that Abbot Marshall was a stranger to Colchester, and was doubtless past middle age, since he had sued for his D.D. degree at St. Benedict's (now Worcester) College, Oxford, so far back as 1515.

The relations between abbey and town were friendly. Six years later, William Rowse, a worthy mercer of Colchester, thus narrates the origin of his acquaintance with the abbot:—"Within a sennight after (his election) this examinant sent unto the said abbot a dish of bass and a pottle of wine to the welcome. Upon which, the s^d. abbot did send for this examinant to dine with him upon a Friday, at the which time they were first acquainted, and since was divers times in his company, and familiar with him." A Friday's banquet seems as poor a compliment to the guest as the day was ill-omened for the host in after years. Doubtless, too, there came the bailiffs—Christmas and Clere, who both represented the borough in Parliament—Sayer, whose son and heir fled over seas, rather than take the oath of supremacy, and many a one in

after years an adherent of those reformed doctrines, which as yet were deemed heresy. Here, too, came Francis Jobson, the burgess who was to rise high in the favour of three sovereigns, and to own the stately abbey, John Lucas, Town Clerk and future M.P., whose family was to follow the last named, and find church lands an heritage of ill omen, and lastly, their powerful, neighbour, Thomas Audley, the yeoman's son of Earls Colne, the scholar at the abbey, then Town Clerk and borough member, now county member and Speaker of the House of Commons, and on the way to the Woolsack and a Garter.

Even from the first, the abbot had trouble, he could only obtain his temporalities by giving a heavy bond to the King, and then not for six months; and he also complains much of the rents dues thus rendered irrecoverable.

He did not take his seat in the House of Lords till March 30th, 1534, when the session was two months old, but it does not appear that he made any resistance to the Acts of submission and supremacy—nor even to the order issued in June, for erasing the Pope's name from the service books, "never to be remembered more, save to his contumely and reproach." But though silence

might be golden in London, tongues wagged more freely in the country, and it is small wonder that one of Cromwell's spies was able to report the "slanderous and presumptuous" sayings of the sub-prior, who roundly averred King and Council to be "all heretics, whereas before they were but schismatics."

On July the 7th, the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Henry's *bête noir*, the new oath, the touchstone of loyalty, was tendered to the abbot and his sixteen monks in chapter assembled, and duly taken, even by the slanderous sub-prior.

Events now moved rapidly, More and Fisher refused the oath, and paid for their daring with their lives. The execution of the holiest of her bishops, and the wisest of her judges, though it shocked Christendom, left England apparently unmoved, but it was because the Reign of Terror, by which the Putney blacksmith's son for six years mightily oppressed the people, while he struck down the only institution which stood in the way of the King's absolute power, crushed out all audible dissent, while the murmurs of petulant abbots, the ravings of moon-struck nuns, their secret thoughts—even silence itself, in face of artfully framed questions, were made the

pretext for axe and rope. In 1535, the Visitation of the Monasteries began, and scandals and abuses were brought to light on all hands.

The preamble to the bill for suppressing the smaller houses, however, implies that those left untouched were in the main sound. The evil that men do lives after them, but no trace of scandal has been handed down in Colchester affecting the fair fame of her great Benedictine Abbey. Indeed, Abbot Marshall is said by a contemporary to have excelled many of the abbots of his day in devotion, piety, and learning, and if zeal for religion had dictated this policy, the King and his advisers might have learned a lesson from the vision of the valley of dry bones, and have tried reform before revolution.

In the autumn of 1536, came the Northern rising, when the entire country north of the Trent rose in arms for the old faith. Yet the abbots of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester all subscribed to the King's expenses in putting down the rebellion. While the issue was yet uncertain, commissioners from Cromwell were dining at the abbey when one Marmaduke Neville entered the hall. Probably his sympathies were known, for a commissioner said

to him, "How do the traitors in the North?" To which came the bold reply, "No traitors, for if ye call us traitors, we will call you heretics." The King had pardoned them, he said, seeing they were thirty thousand men well horsed, and added, "I am sure my Lord Abbot will make us good cheer." These were strong words, such as he truly hinted, Southern men might think, but durst not utter.

In October, the abbot was still hopeful, for he sent for his good gossip Rowse, and told him, "The Northern lads be up, and they begin to take the pigs in the web, and say plainly they will have no more abbeys suppressed in their country; the Northern men be as true subjects unto the King as anywhere within his realm, and they desire nothing of the King but that they might have delivered into their hands the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer), the Lord Chancellor (Audley), and the Lord Privy Seal (Cromwell), and would to God they had them, for then we should have a merry world, for they be three arch heretics." The deponent was evidently a purist in language, for he notes that he had never heard this term before, and so they went to supper. But the worthy mercer judged

it prudent to decline further invitations from such a risky quarter, even with the chance of making his peace by betraying his host. Notwithstanding prelatical sympathy, the Pilgrimage of Grace failed, lulled into fancied security by Cromwell's astuteness, and soon the rotting members of abbots, peers, and popular leaders decorated every town and hamlet in the North. In place of consultations in Parliament, convocation, or their triennial chapters, the few Benedictine Abbots left were fain to communicate with one another by means of a blind harpist, William Moore, who for some time, but not in the end, escaped the lynx-like eyes of the great minister's myrmidons. During 1537 and 1538, almost every religious house of any consequence anticipated legal dissolution by surrendering, and it only remained to invent a means of forcing the few reluctant ones to follow their example. Upon hearing a rumour that St. Osyth's and St. John's were to be forcibly seized, Lord Chancellor Audley wrote from Berechurch, on September the 8th, 1538, to Cromwell, "After myn old sute, for the contynuans of the said two places, not as they be, religeous, but that it moight please the Kynge's Majeste of his good-

nesse, to traunslate them into Collegys — for which, as I seyd before, his Grace may have of either of them £1000 — and the gift of the deans and prebendaries at his owen pleasur. — consider that Seynt Johns stondeth in his Graces own towne at Colchester, wherein dwel many pour people, which have dayly relefe of the house; another cause, bothe these houses be in the ende of the shire of Essex where litel hospitaly shalbe kept, yf these be dissolved. For as for Seynt Jones, it lakkeyth water (?) and Seynt Osyes stondyth in the mersches, not very holsom, so that fewe of reputation wil kepe contynual howses in eny of them, oonlez it be a congregation." Protesting that he only seeks the common good, he offers Cromwell £200 for himself, if he will carry this through. Possibly this was the abbot's last offer, at any rate, it was useless, the "unwholesome house" in the marshes became the property of the Lord Privy Seal, and in September, 1539, Abbot Marshall was arrested and lodged in the Tower, his house being treated as dissolved under the clause in the Act, giving to "the King's Highness any house happening to come to him by attainder of treason."

The Abbots of Glastonbury and Reading were already in the Tower, with many of their dependents, and the depositions of witnesses, and the notes made by Cromwell, are still extant. Against one of their names there is this brief memorandum :—"The Abbot of Glaston to be sent to his own country to be tried *and executed*."

A similar procedure was doubtless followed with the Abbot of Colchester. On November the 1st and 4th, witnesses were examined (of course, *in private*). Edmund Crowman deposed that the abbot, a year before, had given him certain plate and £40 to take care of. This, in the case of Abbot Whiting, was held to be "treason."

Most of the evidence of William Rowse we have already seen, it certainly does not amount to much, even when backed by similar but less definite statements from Thomas Nuthake, a "physition" of Colchester.

Probably the evidence of John Seyn, clerk (as given by Father Gasquet), or Sir John St. Clere (as given by the Rev. E. L. Cutts and others), was most convincing, seeing that it related to a date no further back than the preceding July, when St. Osyth's was surrendered. On learning it, the abbot said, "I will not say the King shall never

have my house, but it will be against my will and against my heart, for I know by my learning he cannot take it by right and law, wherefore in my conscience I cannot be content, nor he shall never have it with my heart and will." His prudent visitor replied, "Beware of such learning as ye learned at Oxenford when ye were young. Ye would be hanged, and ye are worthy."

It was enough. Thoughts were treason under what Mr. J. R. Green calls the most infamous Act that ever disgraced the Statute Book—and here were words.

On November the 15th, Abbot Whiting suffered at Glastonbury, and Abbot Cook at Reading; a fortnight later Abbot Marshall came back to Colchester. As Henry and Cromwell carefully observed the forms of law, even when violating its spirit, there can be little doubt that in his case also a mock trial preceded the execution already determined on. The records of the examination in the Tower should at least exonerate the bailiffs and commonalty of Colchester from the suspicion, promulgated by that "lying jade," rumour, of treacherously killing him at the close of a corporate feast. Where he suffered, whether on the common gallows outside the East Gate, or

more probably on the grassy slope before the stately gateway of his beloved abbey, we do not know. Doubtless on that cold 1st of December, 1539, the streets were thronged, hot Gospellers jostled unfrocked monks, and the poor who mourned the loss of a benefactor mixed with the rabble fresh from the plunder of the monastery, as in the early morning the abbot and his companions were drawn on their hurdles, from the Moot Hall, down the High Street, and out by the great South Gate up to the gallow's tree, hanged by the neck, and then mutilated with ghastly rites by the executioner.

> "Then place my head on yonder tower,
> Give every town a limb,
> The God who made shall gather them,
> I go from you to Him."

In little more than six months, Cromwell himself, the dreaded *Malleus Monachorum*, suffered a similar fate, and the Terror ceased.

That treason is such, by whomsoever committed, that priests and laymen are equal in the eyes of the law, that the Sovereign is the sole fount of jurisdiction, few Englishmen will deny. That idle words are treason, that scrupulousness is more damning that time-serving acquiescence,

that the Sovereign is head of the Church, in any sense making him a judge of faith or morals, few Englishmen will assert. That John Beche (to give him his best-known name), following his conscience, yielding as far as he could, renouncing the Pope as he did, and yet scrupling, as many of the holiest and wisest of his countrymen did, to attribute a headship to the King inconsistent with a spiritual conception of the Church, and declining voluntarily to lay down his sacred office or the goods he held in trust for God and His poor, is worthy of the respect of all who can admire the champion of a lost cause, without sharing his creed is the verdict which I trust this narration may call forth from its readers.

John Locke and Oates.

By Thomas Downs.

JOHN LOCKE was born in a modest-looking, thatched-roofed house, at Wrington, a village near Bristol, on the 29th of August, 1632, His father, a man of much ability, was an attorney, and fought in the Parliamentary army. His mother died while he was quite young. In the year 1646, through the patronage of Colonel Popham, a friend and client of his father, he was admitted a scholar of Westminster School, where the celebrated Dr. Busby was then master. The poet Dryden, and Dr. South were amongst his school-fellows. Here he remained for six years, long enough to gain a very unfavourable impression of public schools. He entered into residence at Christ Church, Oxford, soon after attaining his twentieth year. Cromwell was Chancellor, and Dr. Owen, the leader of the Independents, the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

The Puritan regime here was, as might be expected, rigorously religious, the students were to attend prayers three times a day, and on

Sunday to give an account of the sermons they had heard. Whether they were grateful for this solicitude we know not, but we do know how much Locke was repelled in later life by Puritanic dogmatism. His teaching is as much opposed to the sects as it is to the schools. While he objected to the philosophy, so called, that substituted sound for sense, he was equally averse to the substitution of enthusiasm for reason. On the 14th of February, 1655-6, he took his B.A. degree, proceeding to M.A. in 1658. His father died in 1660, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, and his brother Thomas shortly afterwards, so that young Locke was left without close family connections to fight his own way in the world. Although holding a clerical studentship, he never entered into Holy Orders, probably because his intense love for reasoning out the truth might lead him into a position of uncompromising hostility to unreasoned traditions. Consequently, he chose the medical profession, a much more free and congenial sphere for his practical mind. Returning to England, from a visit to the Continent, in February, 1665, the Earl of Sandwich offered him an ambassadorial appointment to Spain, which he declined. He turned his attention

now to his medical studies, prosecuting them with great vigour. Among friends, he was called *Doctor* Locke by courtesy, but he never took the degrees in medicine which would entitle him to use this designation, although he seems to have entered into partnership, and commenced practice with a young Oxford physican, named David Thomas.

While thus engaged, Lord Ashley came to Oxford, to take the Astrop waters, and became acquainted with Locke. In the year 1667, we find him a resident in Lord Ashley's house in London, as friend and general medical adviser to the family. He became the tutor to the only son, Anthony, and successfully negotiated a marriage between him and Lady Dorothy Manners, a daughter of the Earl of Rutland, when the lad was only seventeen. He assisted at Lady Dorothy's accouchement, on the birth of her son Anthony—the Anthony of the "Characteristics," a name of some consequence in English philosophy. Lord Ashley had such confidence in Locke's skill and judgment, that he trusted him to perform a serious operation upon himself, which proved successful. While with this congenial and distinguished family, he pursued his studies in

physic, philosophy and politics, becoming, in the meantime, acquainted with some of the foremost men of his time. He was by no means in indigent circumstances, for in this year, 1667, we find that he collected rents from the tenants at Pensford, amounting to £73 6s. 10d.

A year later, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1679, as again in 1672, was chosen to serve on the Council. This brought him into touch with many distinguished men in different walks of science, and among selected friends, outside the Society proper, informal meetings were held, at which numerous philosophical problems were mooted. A conversation at one of these meetings was suddenly brought to a standstill, owing to the difficulty of defining terms, and Locke proposed, before going any further, that they should consider first what it was the mind could, or could not, perform in the way of reasoning. To this proposition the company assented, and thereupon "it was agreed that this should be our first enquiry." Thus was born one of the greatest books in the history of philosophy, the "Essay on the Human Understanding." It is impossible here, to enter into an analysis of the "Essay" as a great argument. As a test of its

popularity, it will suffice to say that it has passed through twenty editions, and the University of Cambridge now adopts it as a text book in examinations of future teachers. The author received £30 for the copyright of his book, the bookseller afterwards agreeing to give him six bound copies of every subsequent edition, and ten shillings for every additional sheet. It was published in 1690, and from that time to the present has been the educator of most of his successors; for, as Mr. Hallam has well said, "We who find some things to censure in Locke, have perhaps learned how to censure them from himself; we have become capable of judging our master."

Failing health induced Locke to try another trip to the Continent in 1672. He accompanied the Countess of Northumberland's suite to France, and returning to England soon after, his friend, who had in the meantime become Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Chancellor, made him Secretary of Church Presentations, with a salary of £300 a year. He appears to have filled a somewhat menial position, for he dined at the steward's table, was expected to attend prayers three times a day, walked by the side of the coach when his

lordship rode, and preceded him bare-headed when he alighted. On Shaftesbury's dismissal from office, in disgrace, as the leader of the Anti-Catholic party, by the king, Locke lost his secretaryship, but he retained, till 1674-5, the office he held at the Board of Trade, to which he was appointed before his patron's fall, at a salary of £500 a year. In this year (1674) he took his Bachelor of Medicine degree. When Shaftesbury returned to office, Locke again went into residence with him, but the Earl's tenure of office was shortlived, for his name was struck off the list of Privy Councillors by order of the king, in October, 1679. Locke himself became suspected of sharing the disaffected schemes of the earl, and found it prudent to flee to Holland, where he stayed five years. During his absence, a loud clamour was raised, that he should be expelled from Christ Church. Accordingly, on the 6th of November, 1684, he was discharged on account of "factious and disloyall behaviour." If he were privy to Shaftesbury's designs, he kept his secret with masterly loyalty. In Holland, he assumed the name of Dr. Van der Linden, and became the centre of a select coterie of distinguished Dutch-

men, among them, Limborch, the author of the "History of the Inquisition."

Great events were now maturing in English history, and Locke was immersed in politics. He made the acquaintance of, and was esteemed and consulted by, the Prince and Princess of Orange. James II., obstinately flouting the liberty and privileges of his people, was fast becoming engulphed in the whirlpool he had himself created. On the 1st of November, 1688, William of Orange, in response to the appeal made by distinguished and responsible English statesmen, set out for England. When things became a little settled, Locke followed with Lady Mordaunt and the rest of the royal party. They arrived at Greenwich on the 11th of February, 1688-9. Employment of various kinds was soon offered, but he was content with a commissionership of appeals, which he held until his death. While in London, he suffered, he tells us, from *Malignus hujus urbis fumus*,—in plain English, London smoke. The air of Westminster, where he lived, hardly suited his complaint, asthma. For a change, he varied his residence between Lady Mordaunt's at Parson's Green, and Sir Francis Masham's at Oates, a manor-house situated

at High Laver, Essex, some twenty miles from London. This pleasant, pastoral country seat, agreeably far enough from London to escape its smoke, was sufficiently near to be in touch with its intellect and state affairs. Here he went to "try the air" at the invitation of Lady Masham, whom he had known as Damaris Cudworth, the daughter of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, a philosopher of some note. Their tastes were in common, and accompanied by a keen intellect, in addition to large and profound reading, Lady Masham possessed a genial, equable nature, inviting and securing friendship, all of which characteristics Locke could readily appreciate. Sir Francis, to whom Miss Cudworth became a second wife, was a genial country gentleman, very hospitable, and fond of the company of the philosopher. Under these circumstances, when pressed by Lady Masham to share their home at Oates, and to become one of the family, he willingly consented to do so, but, only on condition that he was allowed to bear his fair share of the household expenses. This settled, he undertook to pay twenty shillings per week, and board himself and servant, whose wages were twenty shillings a quarter. When these necessary business prelimin-

aries were ended, Lady Masham tells us "that Mr. Locke believed himself at home with us, and resolved, if it please God, here to end his days, as he did." His domestic life at Oates is one of the most interesting portions of his career. It is a picture of peace, love, and homeliness. Easy in circumstances, and comfortable in companionship, this must have been the happiest chapter in the whole of his career. It began in 1690, and continued without a jar or disagreement until his death. While there was no lack of keen and independent thinking, yet, at the same time, a simple, genuine piety dominated the whole family. The principles enunciated in his educational treatises were embodied in his life. Virtue, he placed first as a necessary endowment for a man or a gentleman: wisdom came second, and good breeding third—the dominant rule of which is, "not to think meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others." Learning, he places last, as by no means an essential qualification. This will enable us to understand how he came to live a life of such uninterrupted quiet and harmony in the manor-house of Oates. Fond of riding on horseback, he tells us, he enjoyed the air of Essex, and explored its roads and lanes, returning

to the quiet and comfort of his home, there to converse with the head or the mistress of the house, or to entertain friends. Among the friends who were hospitably entertained here was the great mathematician, Sir Isaac Newton. Locke had persevered to secure for Newton a lucrative appointment under Government in London, and ultimately, through the help of Lord Monmouth, Lord Halifax, and others, he succeeded. Newton first became Warden, and then Master of the Mint. The two philosophers, whose names and fame are imperishable, met at Oates in January, 1690-1, and again in 1702. They conversed principally upon theology, in which all the household were greatly interested, Newton especially being absorbed in the interpretation of prophecy and Biblical criticism, on both of which subject books by him are extant.

Another distinguished visitor here was the brilliant, but erratic genius, the Earl of Peterborough. Prior to taking command of the army engaged in the war of the Spanish Succession, the Earl, with his Countess, took a run down to Oates, to see Locke, and to talk over with him the state of public affairs. It would be interesting to know the nature of the conversation—there can be

no doubt that it was patriotic. Every friend of Locke was lavishly entertained by the Mashams, and not the least brilliant reception was that accorded the brave Earl on the eve of his departure to fight his country's battles. Life at Oates could be gay and merry, as well as thoughtful and wise, and one of the liveliest things there was Locke's fascinating talk, with its large stock of stories, and his humorous and easy way of telling them. Let those who imagine philosophy synonymous with dullness, take a look by the aid of the imagination, into this manor-house in Essex, and their prejudice will distil as the dew. He says, in a letter to his Irish friend Molyneux, in the winter of 1697-8, when confined to the house with asthma, "I wish, nevertheless, that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find that, sitting by the fireside, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life."

Besides Francis, his favourite, and the lively Esther Masham, Samuel, afterwards Lord Masham, the youngest son of the former marriage, was often at Oates for his holidays. Other sons of Sir Francis were in the army abroad or in

Ireland, and when on leave swelled the family circle. Locke was always an eager listener when a letter came from one of them abroad, and all crowded anxiously round the fireside to learn the news. A picturesque and venerable figure also there was Mrs. Cudworth, the mother of Lady Masham, widow of the philosopher, who lived with the family until her death in 1695. Some two miles off, at Matching Hall, not far from where the poet Prior afterwards lived, was the residence of Sir Francis' mother. A mile from Oates was the rectory and church of High Laver, in the former of which Locke might often be seen conversing with its accomplished rector, Samuel Lowe, and in the latter he attended public worship. Oates manor-house is no longer to be seen, for when the Masham family disappeared on the death of the last lord in 1776, the estate passed into other hands.

The site of the house is marked by some noble lime trees, now forming part of a park, and an outhouse in ruin, both dumb witnesses of the past. Near it is a pond, with a remnant of the garden where the philosopher ruminated over his problems of mind. A picture of the old manor-house as it

was when Locke resided there, depicts it as a square-looking building in the Tudor style, in front an open lawn and ornamental pond, barns and trees on one side, a turret above the entrance-hall, and near it the window of the room in which he studied, his sleeping-room adjoining. Beneath these was the parlour, in which Esther often read to "her John" after supper, in winter.

Locke, most methodical and punctilious in all he did, almost up to the point of pedantry, had his own system of book-keeping while at Oates. Entries of even the most common-place articles like the following are frequent:—"1694. By 4½ coat buttons, 3s. 4d.; one doz. gold breast buttons, 9s. By bread, cheese, etc., 2s. 6d. By Rhenish Wine, one quart, 2s. 6d. (this must have been for guests). By six tarts and three cheese-cakes (probably for the children), 3s. 9d.; Norris's letters, 3s.; Burnett's sermons, 6d." And even the laundry bill is prudentially preserved:—"1697. Dec. 24. Docktor Lock *(sic)* his bill. Cravat and ruffles, 6d.; 1 shirt, ½ shirt, 1 pair stockings, 1 pair drawers, 4d."

His literary and public activity while at Oates was immense, and on every great question of

philosophy or politics his judgment was solicited by nearly every man wielding either influence or power. But the end was drawing near with the winter of 1703-4. Lady Masham, kindest and most tender of nurses, sedulously ministered to every want, and smoothed every care, but she could not prolong his life. On the 11th of April, he made his will. All his friends were remembered. The funeral arrangements were to be simple, the cost otherwise to be divided among four poor labourers of Oates. In the autumn, he was able to bear the pleasure of seeing Peter King,—the cousin whom he had brought from the grocer's establishment in Exeter to become Lord Chancellor, and Lord King of Ockham,—bring his bride to Oates, where they were entertained with great honours. Peter King was commanded by Locke to take care of Frank Masham. "Take care," he says, "to make him a good, an honest, and an upright man." Frank afterwards obtained, through King's instrumentality, a lucrative post in the Chancery Court. A few days before the end, his conversation was principally upon spiritual concerns. With the Mashams, he took the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of

England, and professed, in doing so, his sincere communion with the whole Church of Christ, of whatsoever denomination. This was perfectly consistent with the sentiments expressed in his various treatises on toleration.

On the 28th of October, he asked Lady Masham to kindly read to him from the Psalms. This she readily consented to do, but while she was engaged in the reading, he became restless, raised his hands to his eyes, and quietly died. He lies buried in the churchyard of High Laver, on the south side of the church. The altar tomb erected to his memory is close to the south wall of the edifice, and is surrounded by tall iron railings. The sides of the tomb are built up with bricks set upon a stone plinth, and the top is covered in with a large stone slab. On the wall of the church, immediately above the tomb, is a tablet, surmounted by his coat-of-arms and crest. On this tablet is inscribed the Latin epitaph which was written by himself.

[INSCRIPTIONS.]

(On upper slab of tomb.)

IOHN LOCKE, ESQR.,

DIED OCTOBER 28TH,

1704.

(On tablet.)

Siste viator,
Hic juxta situs est IOHANNES LOCKE. si
qualis fuerit rogas, mediocritate suâ
contentum se vixisse respondet literis
innutritus eousq, tantum profecit, ut
veritati unice litaret, hoc ex scriptis
illius disce, quæ quod de eo reliquum
est majori fide tibi exhibebunt, quam
epitaphii suspecta elogia virtutes si quas
habuit, minores sane quam quas sibi
laudi, tibi in exemplum proponeret. vitia
una sepeliantur. morum exemplum si
quæras, in Evangelio habes, vitionum
utinam nusquam, mortalitatis certe (quod
prosit) hic et ubiq.
Natum Anno Dom 1632 Aug: 29°
Mortuum Anno Dom 1704 Oct: 28°
memorat hæc tabula brevi et ipsa
interitura.

He left £4,555 personalty. Besides bequests to the Mashams, he gave twenty shillings to every servant in the house, £100 to the poor of High Laver, and £100 to the poor of Peblow and Pensford.

In temper, Locke was the most equable, and estimable of men, cheerful and gay, unselfish and sympathetic. Simple in his habits, almost to asceticism, he took water as a beverage, was fond of walking, gardening, and riding on horseback

through the lanes of Essex. Always partial to children, he was ever ready to promote their intellectual and moral development. In intellect, "there never was a man more wise, more methodical, more logical than Locke." His great gifts were at the service of humanity, to vindicate the dignity and freedom of the mind, and the lesson his life teaches is, that profound thought may be wedded with truth, simplicity, and nobleness. He seems to have realised the lofty ideal which George Herbert has so beautifully limned:—

> "Set thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
> So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A grain of glory mixed with humbleness,
> Cures both a fever, and lethargicness."

The Homes and Haunts of Elizabeth Fry.

By Arthur Perry.

ON a grey October day in 1845, there was laid to rest in the quiet burial-ground attached to the Friends' meeting-house at Barking one whose name holds no mean rank among the illustrious dead of bygone Essex. "Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Fry, died 1845, aged 65," is the simple epitaph that marks the grave of one

> "Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of Time."

To the outward eye there is nothing to distinguish this tombstone from the many which surround it, but its unpretending record speaks elequently to those who will pause to recall the career of her whose body rests beneath. Within that span of sixty-five years were embraced countless golden deeds, whose fragrance and fruitfulness remain to this day. No historian of East Anglia and its bygone worthies can pass on his way without paying a tribute of reverential respect to the memory of one whose name sheds lustre on her

native land, and whose life was for the greater part spent in Essex.

Essex, however, cannot claim the honour of being Mrs. Fry's native county. That distinction has to be accorded to Norfolk. In the parish of St. Clement, Norwich, on the 21st of May, 1780, Elizabeth, third daughter of John and Catherine Gurney, first saw the light. The picture we have of her in her early years is that of a tall, slender girl, with an abundance of fair hair. Full of nervous susceptibility, and with a certain shrinking timidity, she was yet a fearless horsewoman, and was endowed with no small degree of obstinacy and resolution. Strong natural affections, a quick imagination, and a touch of contrariety to received opinions and methods, complete the salient points of her character in those days. It is easy to see in this commingling of qualities the foundation of a character well suited to the higher calling of maturer years.

The Gurneys claimed descent from an ancient Norman family, who, like many of their race, took root in this country at the Conquest. Time brought its changes and evolutions, and by the eighteenth century the feudal energies of the Gurneys had transformed themselves into

the prosaic spirit of commerce. John Gurney, the father of Elizabeth, was, at the time of his marriage, a wool-stapler, and afterwards became a partner in the Norwich bank. On his wife's side, also, the family was by no means undistinguished, Catherine Bell being a grand-daughter of the famous Robert Barclay, of Ury, the "Apologist of the Quakers." In 1786, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney removed to Earlham Hall, about two miles from Norwich, which from that time became the centre of the family life. They had twelve children, one of whom died in infancy. The remaining eleven formed a most united family, not one of whose names failed to gather honour to itself in after years.

Both John Gurney and his wife were descended from Quaker families, and were members of the Society of Friends, but neither followed the stricter practices of the community. Accordingly, music and dancing were permitted in their household, and we have lively glimpses here and there of Elizabeth cantering along the country roads in a scarlet riding-habit, and of her attending "Meeting" in a pair of purple boots laced with scarlet. Then came the memorable 4th of February, 1798, when she, with her six sisters, sat in

the Norwich meeting-house and listened to a sermon from William Savery, an American Friend. From that morning her after-career is to be dated.

Not suddenly, but by slow degrees, she gave up one after another of the pleasures in which she had been accustomed to indulge. Her tone became more and more serious, until she finally adopted the full practice and dress of a "plain Quaker." In 1800, a proposal of marriage, once already made to her and refused, was accepted; and on the 12th of August in that year, Elizabeth Gurney became Elizabeth Fry.

It is in her married life that Mrs. Fry's connection with the county of Essex begins. Her husband, Joseph Fry—himself a member of an old English family—was a partner in his father's house of business in St. Mildred's Court, Poultry, in the city of London; and there, in a large, roomy house, Mrs. Fry passed her first years of wifehood. In 1808, on the death of his father, Mr. Fry removed to the family estate at Plashet, in the parish of East Ham, Essex. This dwelling, save for periodical stays in St. Mildred's Court, continued to be the home of the Frys for a number of years. Plashet

House became at once a centre of philanthropic activity; the needs, both temporal and spiritual, of the surrounding poor, together with the education of their children, becoming Mrs. Fry's personal care. For herself, the home was a very happy one. A pleasant picture is preserved by her daughter, Mrs. Cresswell, of the mother, followed by her little ones with their baskets and trowels, transplanting primroses from the country hedges, and filling the plantations of Plashet House with wild flowers.

In 1813, Elizabeth Fry paid her first visit to the female prisoners in Newgate, and three years later the great work of her life commenced. To tell in detail the story of her achievements is needless in this place. With that story the world has become familiar. A ladies' committee was formed, and gradually the more crying evils of Newgate were mitigated. Prisons in Scotland and Ireland were dealt with in the same way. Then followed the series of investigations into the condition of Continental prisons. Hand-in-hand with these momentous labours went others of less magnitude but equal beneficence. The improvement of the condition of women on convict-ships, the founding of district-visiting and tract

societies, the formation of coastguard libraries, the establishment of asylums for discharged prisoners—these and many other objects, together with the care of her dearly-loved home and children, made up the daily course of Elizabeth Fry's busy life. In 1811 she had been acknowledged by the Society of Friends as one of their ministers, and many of her journeys were in the nature of preaching-tours. Her gentle stateliness of mien, the charm of her voice and smile, and her generous sympathies—that "majesty of goodness," as Baroness Bunsen called it—left an indelible impression. Honour and respect, amongst high and low, were freely rendered to her. Statesmen sought her counsel, and royalty, both in England and on the Continent, welcomed her to its palaces as a friend.

Plashet House—"this sweet place," as she called it—was destined to be the scene of sorrow as well as of happiness. There her little daughter Elizabeth died at the age of four years; and in 1828 this blow was followed by another, in the failure of the house of business in which her husband was a partner. Plashet House, with all its pleasant places, was given up; and Mr. and Mrs. Fry found a temporary home with their

eldest son in St. Mildred's Court. Thence they were driven by sickness, and again sought shelter in the empty house at Plashet—now a forlorn and desolated home. In the following June they moved to a smaller, but still commodious house known as Upton Lane House, or simply as Upton Lane, belonging to Mrs. Fry's brother, Samuel Gurney, and adjoining his own grounds. Plashet House has long since disappeared with the march of time, and the site of the house and grounds is now covered with modern buildings. Plashet Cottage, not far off, the residence of Mrs. Fry's sister Elizabeth, was likewise pulled down many years ago; but a later house erected on or near the same spot, and called by the same name, still remains. About a mile distant was Ham House, the residence of Mr. Samuel Gurney. Of this house, also, nothing but the memory now remains. In 1872, the mansion was taken down, and two years later the park and grounds—some eighty acres in extent—became the property of the public under the name of West Ham Park. The spot on which Ham House stood is marked by a rocky ivy-covered cairn, used as a drinking-fountain, and bearing an appropriate inscription.

It is with Upton Lane House that the later

memories of Elizabeth Fry, as an inhabitant of the county of Essex, are chiefly associated. The house still exists, though it is no longer used as a dwelling (except that a caretaker resides therein), and has been much enlarged and altered in the course of years. It does not—as the name might imply that it did—stand in Upton Lane, but in the road called The Portway, West Ham. After the death of Mrs. Fry, in 1845, it was occupied by various tenants, and finally, in 1888, became the headquarters of the 3rd V. B. Essex Regiment, being known now by the name of "The Cedars." To this use it is still applied, and one can hardly reflect without a smile upon the strange fortune which has transformed the home of Mrs. Fry, the peace-loving Quakeress, into a military rendezvous and a storehouse for arms. Here, for the last sixteen years of her life, was Elizabeth Fry's permanent home. Around this house gather many recollections, cheerful and sad. Chief among these, perhaps, may be placed the visit of the King of Prussia, in January, 1842, while staying in England to attend the christening of the infant Prince of Wales. Accompanied by Mrs. Fry and a party of friends, he made a tour of inspection through Newgate in the morning,

and returned with them to Upton Lane to lunch. "I walked with him into the drawing-room," writes Mrs. Fry in her journal, "where all was in beautiful order—neat and adorned with flowers. I presented to the king our eight daughters and daughters-in-law . . . and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn silence before our meal, which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant—everything most complete and nice. I sat by the king, who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. He partook twice of oyster-soup, a dish he had never heard of before, and which he highly commended." Delegates from different parts of the world, coming to London to attend the Anti-Slavery and Peace Society Meetings, also met together at this house. Here she welcomed her youngest son and his bride. Here, too, heavy bereavements—the loss of her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Fry, of two of her grandchildren, and finally of her beloved son, William Storrs Fry—fell upon her in rapid succession. Her own health, also, began rapidly to decline, and from the year 1842 to the time of her death there were frequent periods of absence at Walmer, Bath, and other

places, in the endeavour to recruit her failing strength.

Another spot in Essex recalls memories of Elizabeth Fry. Away above the marsh lands of the Thames, some four miles from Barking, lies the quaint little village of Dagenham. About a mile and a half distant from Dagenham village, on land lying between the river-bank and a contiguous sheet of water called Dagenham Breach —said to have derived its name from an inroad made at some time by the river—stood two isolated cottages, surrounded by willow-trees, and flanked by beds of reeds fringing the water edges. It was a place at that time difficult of access, and secluded from all the clamour of the outer world. In this restful retreat, with her children around her, Mrs. Fry for many years was accustomed to spend several weeks each summer. The fresh, free life, the glowing sunsets, the views of the Thames, with Erith and Belvedere on its opposite banks, boating, and excursions with her children over the still open and breezy country lying between Dagenham and Hornchurch—all combined to make this annual outing a refreshing break in Mrs. Fry's laborious life. Amid this tranquility she indulged the love of Nature which

was always a marked feature in her character, as witnessed by the collection of shells, corals, and minerals which she made from time to time.

Two other spots where Elizabeth Fry's presence has been felt remain to be noted, each pregnant with memories of peculiar force and interest. These are the Friends' meeting-houses at Plaistow and Barking respectively, between which she divided her attendance for worship and ministration. Both places still exist. The first-named meeting-house is situated in North Street, Plaistow, and has been taken over of late years by the West Ham School Board. It now forms a portion of the school premises in North Street, but is still used by members of the Society as a place of meeting. It was here that Mrs. Fry delivered almost her last ministerial address. The meeting-house at Barking immediately faces the burial-ground on the opposite side of the road. It is a quaint and memorable old building, enclosed within its own walls, and having a modern iron building, used for temperance and other meetings, adjacent. Originally it was part of a mansion known as Tait's Place. Early in the seventeenth century the great hall of this mansion, together with

certain other apartments, was taken over by the Quakers for use as a meeting-house. In 1758 the hall was rebuilt. As one enters the apartment, severe in its unadorned plainness, and stands before the platform whence Elizabeth Fry, in her rich and silvery tones, had so often addressed the little congregation, one can hardly fail to be moved at the recollection of that "sound of a voice that is still." Behind the large room is a small one called the Oak Parlour, from the old oak panelling of the walls.

On the 12th of October, 1845, Elizabeth Fry died at Ramsgate, whither she had been removed in the preceding August. Her remains were brought home and laid to rest in the Friends' Burial Ground at Barking. Her grave lies on the north side of the ground, which, like the meeting-house across the road, is enclosed by high walls. The plain headstone bears the double inscription :—

JOSEPH FRY,
DIED 1861,
AGED 84.
ELIZABETH, WIFE OF
JOSEPH FRY,
DIED 1845,
AGED 65.

Close by are buried her little child, Elizabeth, whom she had lost so many years before—her brother, Samuel Gurney, to whose memory a monument stands in Stratford Broadway—her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Fry—and many other members or connections of the two families. The little enclosure, bordered with its willows and flowering shrubs, is singularly peaceful. The grassy surface, unimpeded by mounds, is smooth and level throughout, and only the simple and uniform headstones arranged along and across the ground mark the place as "God's Acre." Over the solemn quietude breaks now and again the merry shout of children at play beyond the walls, the young voices pointing strangely the contrast between the pulsating life without and the sleep of the quiet dead within.

Here is the last and abiding spot sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Fry. In a thousand ways her goodness and piety left their mark upon her generation, and the seed which she planted has borne fruit a hundred-fold along the track of the years that have followed. But it is as the prison philanthropist and reformer—"Mrs. Newgate Fry," as Hannah More affectionately called her—that her name, in company with that of her

great-hearted forerunner, John Howard, and her brave fellow-labourer in like work, Sarah Martin, will remain cherished in the hearts of the English people. "Peace hath its victories;" and of her, along with many others among the victors of peace, it may be said, in the words of Matthew Arnold:—

> "Yours is the praise, if mankind,
> Hath not as yet in its march
> Fainted, and fallen, and died."

The Notorious Dean of Bocking and the "Eikon Basilike."

By Cuming Walters.

AN apology should be made for introducing into this volume a purely controversial chapter. There is one man, however, who, though not a native of the county, was sufficiently connected with it during his career to demand notice; and to notice him in any way is to enter upon the merits of the dispute which has raged round his name and fame for over three centuries. This man was Dr. John Gauden, born in Kent, who became Rector and Dean of Bocking, and died Bishop of Worcester. He was not distinguished for learning, eloquence, exceptional piety, or consistency, and his notoriety rests upon his assertion that he was the sole "inventor, maker, and designer" of the "Eikon Basilike," otherwise attributed to King Charles the First.

Bocking is an Essex village of no importance in itself, forming a suburb to the little town of Braintree, and its ancient trade in a class of

baizes, to which it gave its own name, has dwindled away to insignificance. The inhabitants number under four thousand, and the staple manufactures are crape and matting. There remains, however, the historic church built of flint and stone, an edifice of unusual dimensions in the Perpendicular style, and originally containing three altars and five chantries. Parliament so far favoured the "trimming" parson as to appoint him Dean of Bocking in 1641, though he had done little or nothing to make him worthy of that snug place.

The full title of the "Eikon Basilike" is:—"The Pourtraicture of His Sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings, with Prayers used in the time of His Restraint. Also His Majestie's Reasons against the pretended Jurisdiction of the High Court of Justice." The imprint ran:—"Reprinted in R[egis] M[emoriam] for James Young, 1648." It was in a correspondence extending over fifteen months with Clarendon and the Earl of Bristol that Dr. John Gauden preferred his claim and supported his pretension to the sole authorship of this work, which for over ten years had been applauded as the dead King's. "This book and figure" (*i.e.*, the frontis-

piece depicting Charles) "was wholly and only my invention, making, and design, in order to vindicate the King's wisdom, honour, and piety." So said the claimant, then some fifty-seven years of age (for he was born in 1605), taking to himself all the praise and honour accorded to King Charles, and making a profitable contention which at that period was particularly difficult by direct evidence to overthrow. He had been content to lose all the honours in the long interval, and he only set forth his title to fame when he had attained almost as high a position in the Church as he could aspire to. It was exactly one month after his elevation to the Bishopric of Exeter that he avowed himself the author of "Eikon Basilike," which he declared he had begun thirteen years before, and part of which he had submitted to his Sovereign in the Isle of Wight. What his Majesty would have been likely to think of a "defender" who confessed vicariously that the killing of Strafford was a blunder and a crime we are left to conjecture, but Charles's views of the divine right of kings must have been much modified to tolerate or approve it. The chapter on Strafford, if written by King Charles, is a humble confession of mistaken judgment. We

find the vexed question of the death of Strafford thus dealt with :—"I am so far from excusing or denying that compliance on my part (for plenary consent it was not) to his destruction, whom in my judgment I thought not by any clear law guilty of death, that I have never any touch of conscience with greater regret." If any other than King Charles wrote these self-exculpatory words, that writer, whoever he was, was guilty of unpardonable impertinence and possibly of a gross misrepresentation.

It is said that before the battle of Naseby was fought and lost, King Charles had written six chapters of his book, and Archbishop Tenison declared that "among the royal papers saved were some pieces of 'Eikon Basilike' written with ye King's own hand." Was the King a likely person to have prepared a defence of this character, a vindication and a confession for the use of posterity? and had he the ability to write the "Eikon Basilike?" We think each question may be safely answered in the affirmative. His celebrated poem, "Majesty in Misery," written during his confinement at Carisbrook Castle, is sufficient to prove his taste, literary ability, and reflectiveness. There was need for such a work

as the "Eikon Basilike," depending that it came from himself, and from no other. But let us ask similar questions in reference to Dr. Gauden, and see what answers can best be given. Was he, from all that we know of his antecedents and his personal character, a likely person to deny himself for ten years and more the profit and fame accruing to an assured success? His career as a time-server and "trimmer" negatives the hypothesis. Isaac D'Israeli, whose judgment we should be disposed to trust, says plainly and definitely that "Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote the 'Eikon Basilike,' addressed to his son;" and then he pungently adds :—"This work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr. Gauden, who was incapable of writing the book, though not of disowning it."

The book appeared immediately after King Charles's execution, and excited a profound sensation. In a year it had gone through fifty editions, and had been translated into various foreign languages. An important piece of evidence, recently discovered and made known by Mr. Edward Almack, is that a manuscript exists of date 1649, from William Du Gard, in

which he says it was he who first printed "the King's incomparable 'Eikon Basilike.'" There seems to have been no great mystery of the authorship at first, but mystery grew, and Dr. Gauden possibly saw his chance, and waited patiently to profit by it.

His conduct is that of the trickster rather than that of the unselfish man caring more for the vindication of his King than for his own glory. Even supposing that we were compelled to admit that Gauden wrote the work, he deserves no merit. The pretence of divining the King's inmost thoughts and of confessing to faults and frailties, or of ascribing to himself a full justification for acts committed,—this is little less than an outrage, especially when it comes to admitting to twinges of conscience. Why should Dr. Gauden have taken upon himself this extraordinary and impudent duty, even before the King was dead? His own feeble excuse is not good enough, for had he desired to undertake the dead Monarch's defence, there was a more delicate manner of doing it than a pseudo-confession in the first person singular. Again, the man's own style was not such as enabled him to write the meek and simple Apologia of King Charles.

"These meditations," wrote David Hume, "resemble in elegance, purity, neatness, and simplicity, the genius of those performances which we know with certainty to have flowed from the royal pen, but are so unlike the bombastic, perplexed, rhetorical, and corrupt style of Dr. Gauden, to whom they are ascribed, that no human testimony seems sufficient to convince us that he was the author."

In May, 1883, a letter appeared in the *Athenæum* from Mr. Edward Scott, who said that in a rare and very early edition of "Eikon Basilike" which he had seen, occurred this manuscript note :—"Some People pretend this Book was not really written by King Charles the first. Mrs. Mompesson (wife to Thomas Mompesson Esq) assured me (in the year 1688) that Bp. Juxton told Her that to his certain knowledge itt was all written by the King and composed by him." This note was in the handwriting of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchilsea.

Milton suspected that Charles was helped in his work; several historians are inclined to concede that Gauden must be credited with the performance; but Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's masterly analytical treatise on behalf of King

Charles's authorship yet remains to be answered. The conclusions arrived at in that work have since been further strengthened and emphasized by the new facts and arguments supplied by Mr. Edward Scott and Mr. Almack.

In claiming the authorship of "Eikon Basilike," Gauden was actuated by the desire to better his condition in the Church, and to obtain a more profitable and eminent appointment. He set himself forth as the writer of the King's book, in order to establish his right to a reward for services rendered, but hitherto quite unrecognised. His letter to Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, is a whining remonstrance that the Government had not been generous to him for "buoying up the honours of the Royal Family, the Church, and the Episcopacy." "I am sorry," he added, "to see myself reduced to this after-game." ("After-game" is an admirable expression). "I do not doubt that I shall, by your Lordship's favour, find the fruits as to something extraordinary, since the service was so —— not as to what was known to the world under my name, in order to vindicate the Crown and the Church, but what goes under the late blessed King's name. . . . My wife was conscious of it, and had an hand in

disguising the letters of that copy which I sent to the King in the Isle of Wight, by the favour of the late Marquis of Hertford, which was delivered to the King by the now Bishop of Winchester. His Majesty graciously accepted, owned, and adopted it, as his sense and genius, not only with great approbation but admiration." These statements abound in improbabilities.

Clarendon's reply was evasive, uninforming, and non-committal—the reply which a tactful man might be expected to make to one whom he more than half suspected of imposture :—"The particular which you often renewed I do confess was imparted to me under secrecy, and of which I do not feel myself at liberty to take notice; and, truly, when it ceases to be a secret, I know nobody will be glad of it but Mr. Milton. I have very often wished I had never been trusted with it." But Dr. Gauden was one of the unscrupulous mischief-making men whom at such times it was better to conciliate than to defy. The sop that satisfied his hungry jaws was the rich Bishopric of Worcester, but he lived only two years to enjoy it, arguing to the last (as, indeed, he was compelled to do) to substantiate his impudent claim in a way that would convince the Lord Chancellor.

"I know no book of private devotion, of any age," wrote Bishop Wordsworth, "*written for the supplicant's own necessities*, which surpasses—none, indeed, which comes near to it." We may in fact doubt whether anyone could put himself so exactly in the position of the King as to be able with such skill and clearness to express his most private views and most secret reflections. But if any one man of the period stands out as particularly unsuitable for such a feat, it is the trimming parson of Bocking—the "cowering, craven, conceited, mean-spirited creature," who never "wrote anything before, or after, approaching to the 'Eikon' in dignity and beauty." But, as Bishop Wordsworth cogently observes, when we have "studied the character and history of Charles, and the records and history of the age, we shall see that the writer of "Eikon Basilike" has caught the very soul and spirit of the whole. We shall see that he himself was and did what he describes."

If I were asked to give a round dozen of reasons why the huckstering, petty-minded Dean of Bocking could not have conceived or written the "Eikon Basilike," I would set them forth briefly as follow. (1) Because he lacked the ability; (2)

because the book is not consonant with his own character; (3) because the confessions and reflections are such as could not have been made vicariously; (4) because none of Dr. Gauden's known writings in any way resemble the style of writing in the "Eikon Basilike"; (5) because the publication of the work twelve days after the King's execution shows that it all must have been written—some of it hurriedly—just before, and that only an apprehensive victim would have been likely to undertake and complete such a work—not a second party who could afford to wait, and would, if anything, profit by waiting; (6) because of the long and unexplained interval which elapsed before Dr. Gauden claimed the work as his own, and the entire lack of witnesses to support him; (7) because of the circumstances of the claim, not for the glory of the service, but for a present reward; (8) because the only known manuscripts relating to the "Eikon" are in Charles's writing, not in Gauden's; (9) because the whole of the contemporary belief was that King Charles was the author, Milton himself only suggesting that he might have been assisted, the Sovereign's literary powers being well known; (10) because the book is written in such a manner,

in the first person singular, and with such dogmatism, as to make it in the highest degree improbable that any second person would have adopted that style; (11) because the opinions of all unbiassed and disinterested investigators who have gone deepest into researches on the subject have been unfavourable to Gauden's pretensions; and (12) because the self-seeking disposition of Gauden made him a likely impostor, while the very audacity of his claim abundantly proved that he could not have been the author of so meek and subtle a volume.

It must be further remembered that Milton's doubts on the subject of the authorship of the "Eikon"—doubts prompted by partisan jealousy and fear, just as partisanship still influences the acceptance of facts in favour of Charles—Milton's doubts, I say, would serve as a suggestion to Dr. Gauden, and when the way was clear he could embark boldly upon his enterprise. He was ever a time-server, and a time-server is by profession and necessity a fearless liar. If he were proved beyond the possibility of error to have written "Eikon Basilike," we should still despise and condemn him for palming off his views as the King's private and solemn convictions, and for audaciously

ascribing to a judged man a series of confessions which the sense of delicacy and the quality of justice would alike forbid. Fancy, too, a man of Gauden's stamp writing in the father's name to the son, and adjuring the Prince of Wales in these terms:—"Son, if these papers, with some others wherein I have set down the private reflections of my conscience and my most impartial thoughts touching the chief passages which have been most remarkable or disputed in my late troubles, come to your hands, to whom they are chiefly designed, they may be so far useful to you as to state your judgment aright in what hath passed; whereof a pious is the best use can be made; and they may also give you some directions how to remedy the present distempers, and prevent, if God will, the like for time to come."

If it should be that we wrongly condemn Dr. Gauden, we can express no sorrow; his own duplicity and odious characteristics are the sources of the contempt he inspires. We might indeed apply, in a sinister spirit, one passage in the "Eikon Basilike" to him, and it is this:—"It is among the wicked maxims of bold and disloyal undertakers, that bad actions must always be

seconded with worse, and rather not be begun than not be carried on, for they think the retreat more dangerous than the assault, and hate repentance more than perseverance in a fault."

Barking Abbey.

By the Rev. T. Varney, A.K.C.

'The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Grey moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll.
The long ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul!"

If we substitute the word "nun" for "monk" then we shall have a true description of the once famous Abbey of Barking, Essex. Only a gateway remains to tell the tale that once there stood on this spot a monastic pile of buildings renowned throughout the land, and therefore one of the most important amidst the many conventual establishments of Essex. For it may not be generally known that many Religious Houses sprung up in different centres, peopled by various orders of monks and nuns, after the seventh century, when Barking Abbey was founded. At Maldon, we find a Priory of Carmelites founded by a Bishop of London and a Priest, whilst out

side that ancient town stood Burleigh Abbey, of Augustinian rule, founded by Canons of Premontré. Near Brightlingsea stood the priory of S. Osyth. At Stansgate was a Clugniac Priory, a "Cell" or branch house of Lewes, Sussex, like the Prittlewell Priory, near Southend-on-Sea.

Earls Colne can boast of having had a monastery of Benedictine monks, whilst a priory of Augustinians existed at Little Dunmow. Coggeshall too had an abbey of Cistercians; and a religious house existed at Walden, with an hospital or "infirmaria" at Audley End. At Colchester also flourished the important abbey of S. John, and the priory of S. Botolph and S. Julian. Hedingham possessed the nunnery of God, S. Mary, S. James and the Holy Cross, whilst Ilford received an "hospital," dedicated in honour of S. Mary and S. Thomas á Becket, as the gift of Henry II. This latter house may have been in some measure connected with Barking Abbey, as the same monarch, also as an act of expiation for the sacrilegious murder of Thomas á Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, appointed his sister Mary, Abbess of Barking. To go back, however, to its first abbess, Ethelburge or Edilburge, we must



ANCIENT BELL TOWER, BARKING ABBEY.

explain that this most interesting and historical of the religious houses of Essex, was founded at Barking by her brother Erkenwald in the year 670. He was one of the first bishops of London who enlarged and enriched S. Paul's Cathedral. In this matter Erkenwald followed the good example of its "pious founder" King Ethelbert, who, for the maintenance of the fabric, endowed it with a farm at Tillingham, Essex, and is reputed also to have been of such an active, holy life, that when the weakness of old age came on, he insisted upon being carried about his diocese in a litter, so that he might still continue his episcopal oversight. It was whilst he was thus actively employed in his saintly labours that he was called to his rest at Barking. Very naturally his sister, the abbess, and her nuns, desired that he should be enshrined within the holy house of his foundation. Chertsey also desired the honour, but it was ultimately decided that the body should rest in his cathedral at London. In Stephen's reign the body was translated to the East end of S. Paul's, and the King caused a magnificent bejewelled, silver-gilt, shrine to be prepared for its reception. It would be well if in the same holy place to-day some special memorial, provided

by Barking churchmen, kept alive the instructive traditions of his saintly life. In the West window of the Parish Church, Leigh, Essex, erected to the memory of the late rector, Canon King, there exists a splendid design in glass of S. Erkenwald suggested by the late Mr. "Antiquary" King.

When the first Abbess, Ethelburge, was called to her rest the abbey was fortunate enough to find an excellent successor in Hildelithe, who, it seems had had a large share in its government for a long time previous to Ethelburge's death. Then we find in the next century a list of abbesses, many of whom were of royal blood, and so through their influence the abbey was brought into great prominence. One of these was the wife of the famous Ina, who raised up Glastonbury Abbey on the foundation of an older British Monastery, and was the patron of the famous scholar Ealdhelm, first Bishop of Sherborne. It is believed that it was her influence which induced him finally to retreat from the world as King of Wessex, and follow the religious life, and it was then doubtless she practised what she preached and became Abbess of Barking. The history of the abbey after this event is wanting for more

than a hundred years, until about 870. In that year the destructive Danes seem to have pushed their way from mischievous work at East Tilbury, and possibly Thurrock on their road, until they reached Barking, where they attacked the abbey and killed the nuns or drove them into places of safety. Towards the end of the tenth century the ruined abbey was rebuilt by Edgar. A nun of Wilton, named Wulfhilda, was then made abbess. For twenty years, owing to a dispute with some priests, her rule was suspended, and Edgar's widow took her place. On being recalled, however, she was again compelled with her nuns to beat a retreat to London, owing to the repeated attacks of the Danes. Another celebrated abbess was the Queen of Henry I., Edith, Matilda, or Maud, who ended her days in that office. She had been brought up by her aunt, the Abbess of Wilton, having been confided to her care by her father, King Malcolm, of Scotland. Maud, the Queen of Stephen, Adeliza, and Mary á Beckett, are also said to have succeeded each other as Abbesses of Barking, and at the time of the Norman Conquest, Allgion was abbess. She was a Saxon lady, appointed by Edward the Confessor. The

abbey also seems to have been used, like similar religious institutions to-day, as a house of retreat for the deepening of the spiritual life and for retirement in trouble. The Duchess of Gloucester, after the murder of her husband, is said to have retired to Barking, and died there in 1399. The last Abbess of Barking was one Dorothy Barley, who signed the deed of surrender, at the dissolution of monasteries, November the 8th, 1539. Before the final ruin came, the abbey seems to have passed from its flourishing condition under royal patronage into a state of poverty and hard struggle. Much money had to be expended in keeping out water by embankments, as Barking stands at the head of a creek, and at the junction of Roding River and Loxford Brook. The nearness to a great town like London, and the rapid growth of Barking, may partly account for the almost disappearance of the ruined abbey in our own day, but even at its dissolution we may infer that it was in a state of decay which rapidly increased in the centuries that followed.

In quite recent years, however, there has been brought to light on a site in the old abbey grounds, the remains of an altar, tesselated pavement, frescoed walls and pillars, also several

skeletons in good preservation. One of these is believed to have been that of Abbess Yolinti de Sutton who governed the abbey in 1329. The old gateway is, however, the most precious relic of the past glories of this ancient religious house, and its name of "Fire Bell Gate" seems to have originated from the custom of ringing a bell in the tower. There still exists, says Mr. Barrett, in his beautifully illustrated book, "Essex: Highways, Byways, and Waterways," an old document testifying that the Barking parishioners once requested permission from the abbess to repair the bell and tower.

They were allowed to put up a new bell of the same weight, but not to repair the tower, as "by God's law they were bound" to repair the neighbouring Parish Church of S. Margaret, which was in a state of ruin.

If they could only have preserved as well from ruin the fine old abbey buildings, rich in historical associations, they would have earned the gratitude of English Churchmen to-day, who value before all other monastic buildings those of pre-Norman times. These were under the Benedictine rule, and even if not founded by bishops, like Barking Abbey, yet were always

under episcopal supervision. As centres for strengthening the mission life of the church, as schools for educating boys and girls like they did at Barking, and always fostering art and science, the nation to-day owes much to their past influence. It was the first Norman institutions under foreign episcopal control which were anti-national, and created abuses which led not only to their suppression, but also to the downfall of such rich abbeys as that of Barking. The innocent suffered with the guilty, and a great deal of monastic property, which was undoubtedly the property of the church, was not even used for the founding of colleges, but passed into the hands of temporal peers. Thus Thomas Cromwell, the Vicar General, and then Lord Vicegerent, of Henry VIII., received the property of seven abbeys into his own hands, and with it endowed his own new Earldom of Essex. Those who know his end will know the truth of this prediction :—

"They tell us that the Lord of Hosts will not avenge his own,
They tell us that he careth not for temple overthrown:
Go! look through England's thousand vales, and shew me, he that may,
The abbey lands that have not wrought their owner's swift decay.

The Round Church of Little Maplestead.

By John T. Page.

IN the latter half of the twelfth century, when the whole of Europe had become dominated by the crusading spirit, and men's hearts were fired with the idea of rescuing from the hands of the hateful Turk the sacred bounds wherein the Saviour lived and died, there came into existence two great military monastic orders, the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers. After Jerusalem had fallen into the Crusaders' hands, these two orders were banded together in the protection of the city, and the Hospitallers presided over the hostel, or hotel as it would now be called, provided for the pilgrims who visited the sacred shrine of the Holy Sepulchre. They also attended the sick and poor, and performed many other acts of hospitality and charity. Being eventually driven from the Holy Land, through the decay of the great movement which called them into existence, they returned to their native countries, and there acquired possessions whereon they established "Commanderies," and also founded

churches. In England, they speedily became very powerful, and their settlements eventually numbered no less than fifty-three. Those of the Templars were not so numerous, but both Orders built many churches, always taking as their model the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Of these, four only now remain—the Temple Church, London; the Churches of the Holy Sepulchre at Cambridge and Northampton; and the Church of S. John of Jerusalem, at Little Maplestead in Essex. These are all known by the designation of "Round Churches," because the main part of the building, or nave, is circular in form. The Temple Church and the one at Northampton are the most massive in point of architecture, the church at Cambridge is the oldest, and that at Little Maplestead the smallest of the group. Investigations have also proved that the last mentioned most nearly resembles the original in shape and plan.

The village of Little Maplestead is small and straggling, and lies about two miles north of the little town of Halstead. It was in the year 1186 that Lady Juliana de Burgo, wife of the steward of Henry II., gave the parish to the Knights Hospitallers. They immediately set about estab-

lishing one of their "Commanderies" on the spot, and probably demolished the church which then existed here to build upon its site another, after the plan of the Holy Sepulchre. Of this ancient structure the outer walls only now remain intact. The rest of the building has been from time to time renewed and restored, always, apparently, with due regard to the original style. It is, therefore, still considered the finest existing specimen of a Round Church in England. The Hospitallers "Commandery" stood on the site of the present Hall, but not a vestige now remains whereby its plan may be determined. The curious old church is the only relic left to mark the spot, and to emphasise its connection with those men who erected their beautiful dwelling-house hard by seven centuries ago.

The church measures about sixty feet in length, this space being equally divided into chancel and nave. The rotunda, or nave, is thirty feet in diameter, but the width of the chancel is only fifteen feet. The east end has an apsidal termination. Equi-distant between the centre of the rotunda and the outer walls stands a peristyle of six piers, forming a hexagon. Each pier consists of three shafts flanking the sides of a triangular

centre. Pointed arches rise from the capitals of these piers and support a large wooden bell-turret in the roof. Arches are also carried from the same piers to corbels on the outer walls and upon them rests the low ceiling of the aisle. Access is gained to the church through a porch at the west end. This was erected sometime in the fifteenth century, but has since been much reduced in size. It was at one time used as a Sunday School, and in order to make it comfortable in winter, a fireplace was inserted in the wall, and a large brick chimney was built at the end. This is now, however, happily a thing of the past. The doorway into the church is of a very rich design, the jambs, arch and label-moulding being composed entirely of a series of inlaid quatre-foil compartments. This ornamentation was a peculiar characteristic of the thirteenth century.

The walls are built of rubble, the facings of the windows and the buttresses only being composed of hewn stone. The roof is high-pitched and covered with tiles. It is much disfigured by the hugh wooden bell-cote, which pierces it over the centre of the rotunda. The font is probably one of the oldest in England, and points to the fact

that a church existed here previous to the one erected by the Hospitallers. It is rude and simple in design and was originally square in shape, but the corners have been roughly taken off, and it must now be termed an octagon.

At the beginning of the present century the church was in a ruinous state, the roof being much broken and full of holes. Since then it has been completely restored, a new roof added, and all the stonework refaced.

Strange to say, the church, with the manor of Little Maplestead, became, by bequest, in 1706, the property of the Sabbatarian Dissenters, who still retain the presentation and pay an annual stipend of £10 towards the salary of the incumbent. The living is therefore donative, or what is known as a perpetual curacy, and is vested in the trustees of Davis's Charity estates. The curate is now licenced by the bishop, but up to the time of the Dissolution the church was not under any epispocal control.

Time has here, as elsewhere, wrought many changes during the centuries which have rolled away since the builders, with the aid of trowel and plummet, started to erect this house of God. Even the outer shell of the edifice, which practic-

ally remains intact, betrays very few traces of their handiwork. The ground plan, however, still remains in all the geometrical perfection of its original exactness. Never once has any attempt been made to add or take away one jot or tittle.

By the decrees of Providence, the outward signs of power and splendour, which once distinguished the Knights Hospitallers, have all been swept away, while this memorial of their faith still lingers on, a standing object-lesson for the admiration and emulation of this and future ages.

Waltham Holy Cross.

By Joseph W. Spurgeon.

IN Saxon times Essex was little more than a vast wilderness of woodland, with but few human inhabitants save the retainers attached to the hunting-lodges of their respective lords. Some of these little colonies naturally developed into permanent settlements, and formed the nuclei of towns and villages now existing. To such an origin Waltham owes both its position and its name. Here it was, in the days of Canut the Dane, that the great thegn Tovi or Tofig the Proud, standard-bearer to the king, had his *Weald-ham* or "forest-dwelling," the Saxon designation of which very soon crystallized into *Waltham.* Here also, it is said, Tovi erected, between the years 1035 and 1041-2, a small chapel, probably of wood, such as that still standing at Greenstead, and appointed two priests to the charge thereof. Of the marvellous events which impelled him to set up this humble religious establishment we have a circumstantial

account in the *Liber de . Inventione Sanctæ Crucis,** written by a canon of Waltham *circa* Henry I. The story was first put into English by Lambarde in the sixteenth century, and the following is taken from his version :—

"In the Tyme that Kinge Canut reigned in Ingland, theare lyved at a Place called Comonly Lutegaresbyry, in French Mountague † a simple man by occupation a Carpenter and by Office Sexton of his parishe to whom on a night appeared a Vision of Christe Crucified Commaundinge him that as sone as Day brake he should goe to the Parishe Priest, and will him, accompanied by his parishioners in solemne Procession, to go up to the Toppe of the Hyll adjoyninge,‡ and to digge, wheare . . . they should finde a Crosse, the very Signe of Christes Passion."

The man at first paid no heed to what he supposed to be "a fantastical Dreame;" but the vision appeared a second and a third time.

"Beinge thus pricked forwarde on he goeth to the Priest and discloseth the hole matter: He arrayeth his Parishe, displayeth his Banners, putteth on Copes and Surplas, and setteth the Carpenter foremost, as his Captaine, they digge awhile and anon they find a great Marble, havinge in it of Black Flynt the Image of the Crucifixe so artificially wrought, as if God himselfe (sayth myne Author) had framed it."

* Harleian MS. 3776 and Cottonian MS. Jul. D. vi.

† Montacute, near Yeovil.

‡ On Hamdon Hill, at Montacute, are some large quarries of freestone. On the summit are the remains of a British earthwork, utilized by the Romans as an encampment, from which many antiquities have been unearthed.



EXTERIOR OF THE ABBEY CHURCH, WALTHAM.

The news of the discovery was conveyed to Tovi, on whose land the crucifix was found. His lordship hastened to the spot.

"Forthwithe he caused to be yoked 12 red Oxen, and so many white Kyne, and layeth the Stone in a Wayne, myning (if God so wille) to cary it to Canterbyrye; but the Cattle could not by any Force be compelled to draw thytherwarde. When he saw that, he changed his Mynde and bad theim dryve toward his House at Readinge. . . . but still the Wayne stode immoveable, . . . at the Lengthe he remembred a smalle House that he had begone to buyld at Waltham for his Disporte, and comaunded theim to make thytherward. Which Words he had no soner spoken, but the Wayne of itselfe moved. Now in the way many weare healed of many Infirmities; amongste the which threscore sixe Parsons [*i.e.*, persons] vowed their labour towarde the Conveiance of this Crosse and weare the first Founders of Waltham Towne wheare was nothinge before but only a simple House for this Tovi to repose himself at when he came thyther to hunte. . . . Now when the Crosse was broughte thyther, Tovi comaunded it to be set up, and whiles one by chaunce Perced it with a Nayle, the Blood issued out of the Flinte in great Abundance. Wherat Tovi, beinge greatly amazed, fel downe and worshipped it, promiseth before it to manumitte his Bondmen, to bestow possession on such as should serve it."

It is difficult to distinguish truth from fiction in this remarkable story, if, indeed, there be any truth in it. It seems a sort of hybrid between the legend of the Invention of the Cross by Helena, and the narrative of the return of the

Ark to Kirjath-jearim * after its capture by the Philistines, in I. Samuel, vi. How much of the legend was extant in the days of Edward the Confessor can only be conjectured, but we find that when that monarch bestowed the manor upon his brother-in-law (the possessions of Tovi having reverted to the crown), Harold proceeded forthwith to build a splendid church "to the praise of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Cross."

According to tradition, he was cured of paralysis by the wonder-working crucifix. Whether for this reason or another, he carried out his devout design, and erected a structure that probably exceeded in magnificence any that this country had yet seen.† He increased the original foundation to a dean and twelve secular canons, and endowed it with many valuable gifts of lands, vessels, books and ornaments, to which the king added his contributions. On Holy Cross Day,‡ May the 3rd, 1060, the church was consecrated by Kinsige, Archbishop of York,

* It is a singular co-incidence that Fuller refers to the name of Kirjath-jearim as having the same meaning as *Weald-ham.*

† Edward's new abbey at Westminster was perhaps planned on a grander scale, but it was not finished until five or six years later.

‡ The feast of the Invention of the Cross, commemorating the finding of the true Cross by the Empress Helena.

most of the bishops and lords of the land, as well as King Edward and his Queen, being present. Thenceforth Waltham Holy Cross became more famous than ever, and thousands of pilgrims visited the sacred spot. Harold himself never lost his veneration for Waltham. Before setting out to oppose the Norman invader he went there to pray for success. As he knelt before the crucifix, the story goes that "the image, which before looked upwards, now bowed its head, 'a bad sign indeed' . . . and the chronicler adds that he had this fact from Turkil, the sacrist, who was at the altar at that time." And so Harold went forth to the fatal field of Senlac. "Holy Rood" was his war-cry, and he fell with the sound of it reverberating around him. It is said that his body found a resting-place, as was appropriate, in the church which he loved, and on which he had lavished his wealth. There are, it is true, other accounts extant, which state that William refused to give up the body, and commanded that it should be buried on the sea-shore; and still others which affirm that Harold escaped from the fight, and lived some years longer as a monk. But, as the late Professor Freeman remarks, nothing is more certain

than that he fell at the battle of Senlac; and the same great authority supports what is, after all, the most probable theory, that at first the body was buried beneath a heap of stones on the shore, and that afterwards William, in a more gracious mood, granted permission for its removal to Waltham.

"Harald's moder vor hyr sone wel gerne hym bysgote,
By messagers, and largelyche hym bed of her thynge,
To grante hyre sone body anerthe vor to bringe,
Wyllam yt send hyr vayre ynon wythoete enyhynge warnore,
So that yt was born hyre with gret honour y bore,
To the hous of Waltam, and ybrogt anerthe there,
In the holy rode Chyrche, that he let him sulf rere." *

By the Norman Conqueror the lands which had been bestowed upon the monastery by his fallen foe were presented for the time being to his favourite Walcher, the Bishop of Durham; and William Rufus, as Lambarde has it, "spoyled Waltham of 6666 pounds of money, besides Jewels and Churche Ornamentes, al which he transported to Cane in Normandie. Howbeit afterward in part of amendes, he restored to them the Towne of Waltham, with al the Landes thereto of old Tyme apperttayninge." Further benefactions

* Robert of Gloucester (*temp.* Battle of Evesham).

were received from the two queens of Henry I., so that the tide of prosperity had well risen again by the time that Stephen seized the throne.

In his reign, as recorded in a contemporary manuscript, Waltham was attacked by a large body of Flemish mercenaries, employed by the outlawed baron, Geoffrey de Mandeville, between whom and the Earl of Arundel, the then possessor of the town, a deadly feud existed. The houses were set on fire, and the flames spread to the residences of the canons. In the confusion thus created, the invaders entered the church, where the valuable property of the townspeople had been stored for safety. The canons, in despair, resorted to the extreme measure of dragging down from its place the Holy Cross; and it was declared that at that very moment Geoffrey de Mandeville received his death-wound at Burwell. Five Flemings, laden with plunder, attempted to make their way out of the church, but became confused, could not discover the exit, and were afterwards easily captured by the victorious townspeople—all due, of course, to the miraculous intervention of the wondrous crucifix.

Henry II. wrought a radical reform at Waltham.

The college founded by Harold had continued for 117 years as originally constituted. Throughout this time their riches had been accumulating, and with the increase of wealth came a gradual decline of character and discipline. Henry found them living in luxury and idleness, and in 1177 he dissolved their college, dismissed the dean and the twelve secular canons, and substituted for them sixteen regular monks of the order of St. Augustine. In 1182 this number was increased to twenty-four, and Walter de Gaunt was appointed abbot. The church was rededicated to St. Lawrence, and some structural additions made, especially a Lady Chapel.* The king furthermore enriched the abbey with lands and tenements, besides confirming the original endowment, because, as he said, "it was fit that Christ his spouse should have a new dowry." Soon afterwards the Pope, Lucius III., granted the monastery exemption from all Episcopal jurisdiction,† and his successor conferred upon the abbot the high privilege of wearing the pontificals. He was one of the four "abbots exempt" who sat as lords in Parliament.

* Which was completed in 1188 (Harl. MS. 6974, fo. 106).

† The Abbey retained this exemption until 1854.

In 1182 the king came to Waltham with the greatest noblemen of the land, and there made his last will and testament; as Pierre Langtoft says—

"To Waltham gede the Kyng, his testament to make,
And thus quathe [bequeathed] he this thing, for his soule sake."

King John and his successor Henry III. were frequent visitors to the abbey. Indeed the same may be said of nearly every monarch down to Henry VIII. It was evidently because it was a quiet retreat at no great distance from London, possessing the additional attractions of the proximity of the forest and of a wealthy establishment capable of worthily entertaining royalty.

In the reign of Henry III. the arrogance of the abbot, Simon de Seham by name, brought him several times into active conflict with the townspeople as to rights of pasturage on the marshes; but, as might be supposed, the abbot was victor in the end. In his days also (1248) began the great contest between Waltham and Cheshunt concerning the boundary dividing the two parishes—which is, I believe, still undecided at the present day, and depends upon the question which is the main stream out of the

three or four channels into which the river Lea separates hereabouts. But, for a time at least, the matter was settled in favour of Waltham. The abbey grew richer than ever, and its abbot more powerful. When, in 1258, the "Mad Parliament" refused financial supplies to Henry, he invoked the aid of the Pope, who sent one Mansuetus to beg assistance from the abbots; the abbot of Waltham was one of the first applied to, from whom, "partly by threats, and partly by entreaties," was wrested the sum of 200 marks.

In 1290, the body of good Queen Eleanor rested in the abbey on its way to Westminster. The beautiful memorial cross erected by Edward still stands by the side of the London road, a mile or so from the abbey, and is the finest of the three Eleanor Crosses which remain of the original thirteen. Seventeen years afterwards, King Edward himself died at Burgh-on-Sands, and in disregard of his dying wish that his heart should be taken to Palestine and his corpse carried before the army till Scotland was conquered, the body was conveyed to Waltham Abbey, and remained there fifteen weeks until its final removal to Westminster, on October the 28th, 1307.

From that date until the time of Henry VIII.

the history of the abbey is one long record of prosperity and royal patronage. From this period we have handed down to us an interesting relic in the shape of a treatise on Music, written by one John Wylde, Precentor of Waltham Abbey about the year 1400. It contains, according to Sir John Hawkins, "all of music that can be supposed to have been known at the time." It is written on vellum, and consists of 131 folios.* Additional interest attaches to the MS. from the fact that it bears the autograph of the famous musician, Thomas Tallis (or Tallys), who was organist of the abbey just before the Dissolution, and into whose possession it came at that time. Tallis was appointed organist at the Chapel Royal in 1540, and served there until 1585.

> "He serv'd long tyme in chappel with grete prayse,
> Fower sovereygnes reygnes (a thing not often seene),
> I mean Kyng Henry and prynce Edward's dayes,
> Quene Mary, and Elizabeth our quene." †

There is a pleasant story told concerning Henry VIII., who, it is said, was often to be seen at Waltham. On the occasion referred to he

* It is now in the Lansdown collection, No. 763.

† From the inscription on his memorial brass in Greenwich Church (now lost).

had been hunting in Epping Forest, and came to the abbey alone, disguised as one of his own guard. Dinner was just ready, and he was invited to the abbot's table. His appetite was so good that the abbot at last exclaimed, unaware whom he was addressing, "I would willingly give a hundred pounds on condition I could feed as heartily on beef as thou dost." A few days later the abbot was mysteriously sent for, taken to London, and committed to the Tower, where for some time he was fed on bread and water, wondering the while what crime he had committed. But one day a sirloin of beef was set before him, and his hearty attack thereon showed that the strict regimen of his captivity had worked wonders. Upon this the merry monarch himself suddenly entered, and demanded a hundred pounds, the reward the abbot had so rashly promised for the restoration of his appetite. The money was promptly paid, and the prisoner went home to Waltham rejoicing. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

One night, in the summer of 1528, the king stayed at Waltham on his way to Greenwich. Gardiner and Fox, who accompanied him, were lodged in the house of a Mr. Cressy, in the square now known as Romeland. The tutor of



INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY CHURCH, WALTHAM.

Mr. Cressy's two sons, a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, by name Thomas Cranmer, was at supper with the guests. The conversation naturally turned on the great topic of the day, the royal divorce, and upon Cranmer being pressed for his opinion, he modestly said that in his judgment no more time ought to be wasted in fruitless appeals to the Pope, but the plain question, "Do the laws of God permit a man to marry his brother's widow?" should be submitted to the learned men and the Universities of Europe. When the court reached Greenwich, this suggestion was reported to the king, who exclaimed, "Who is this Dr. Cranmer? I will speak to him. Marry, I trow he has got the right sow by the ear." Cranmer was sent for immediately. The king was delighted with his counsel. Cranmer was soon advanced to the Primacy, and the chance conversation at Mr. Cressy's supper-table proved a turning point in our country's history. "Thus," remarks Fuller, "did Waltham give Rome the first deadly blow in England."

For some thirty years, in the reign of this monarch, a magnificent window adorned the western front of the abbey. It was produced in

Holland, having been ordered in 1499 by Ferdinand and Isabella, and was intended as a gift from them to Henry VII. for his Lady Chapel at Westminster Abbey (then being erected), in commemoration of the marriage of Prince Arthur and their daughter Catherine of Arragon. But when the window arrived in England, Prince Arthur was dead, and the chapel was not ready to receive it. At the time of Henry VIII.'s marriage with his brother's widow, the chapel was still unfinished, and as the window contained the portraits of the prince and princess it was naturally distasteful to him. He therefore presented it to Waltham Abbey, where it remained until the Dissolution, in 1540. Then the abbot, to save it from destruction, removed it to his private chapel at New Hall, Essex; that property afterwards belonged to the Boleyn family, and came into the royal possession. Elizabeth bestowed the estate on the Earl of Essex, and after successive transfers General Monk became the owner. At the time of the Civil War the window was packed away in chests and buried. Thus it remained until bought by Mr. Conyers, of Copped Hall, near Epping, and placed in the

chapel there. On the old hall being demolished in 1758, his son sold the window to the trustees of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for 400 guineas. There, after all its vicissitudes, the window remains, the glory of the "Parish Church of the House of Commons," within a stone's throw of its original destination. From its extreme beauty and its unique history it may be justly regarded as the most remarkable window in England.*

Waltham Abbey being one of the largest and wealthiest of the monasteries, was among the last to be suppressed. It was surrendered to the king on March the 23rd, 1540, its revenues being valued by Dugdale at £900, and by Speed at £1,079. According to the king's own statement, it was his intention to compensate Waltham by making it a cathedral. The scheme was duly drawn up, but, for want of money, was never carried out. It was not long before the conventual buildings were destroyed, little being left besides the outer gateway. In 1552, the great tower which stood at the eastern end of the present church collapsed, owing doubtless to the removal of the choir and transepts some time before. The materials of the wrecked steeple

* **See Mrs. Sinclair's Handbook to St. Margaret's Church.**

were used in 1558 to build the tower now standing at the western end of the church. Thereby the grand western front, erected in the year 1288, was completely spoiled, an act of vandalism which might perhaps have been excused were not the tower itself of almost ideal ugliness.

Since the year 1561, the church has had upwards of forty ministers, of whom two are worthy of special mention. Dr. Joseph Hall, whose *Contemplations* and *Satires* have a place among the finest works in our language, was curate of Waltham for twenty-two years, being presented to the living in 1612, and afterwards was successively Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich. From 1648 to 1658 the living was held by quaint old Thomas Fuller, author of the *Worthies of England* and *History of the Church of England*, of whom Coleridge wrote that "he was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." Both Hall and Fuller wrote most of their great works while at Waltham.

During the eighteenth century the church suffered still further disfigurements, but these were happily removed in the course of the

restoration carried out in 1859-60. In the present building we have a fragment, mutilated, it is true, but still a grand and characteristic fragment of the original church. Its style is slightly more advanced than would theoretically be expected in an erection as early as the year 1060; but there can be no doubt that the body of the church is the actual nave of Harold's stately minster. It is thus the earliest specimen of Norman architecture in this country. Five of its seven bays are practically unchanged, sufficient to suggest the massive grandeur of the complete building.

There is something awe-inspiring about these venerable arches, as one stands beneath them and pictures the scenes they have looked down upon for more than eight hundred years. The associations of the place are indeed such as to justify Dr. Fuller's statement that "in some sort, the history of Waltham Church is the Church History of England."

Queen Elizabeth in Essex.

By James Pope Manuell.

PREVIOUS to the Tudor Period untold miseries had been brought upon the English nation by the various wars, which had been instigated by eager rivals, in order to settle their respective claims to the crown. The memories of these civil broils agitated the minds of statesmen with a fervent dread, whenever circumstances pointed to a probable failure of royal heirs and to the consequent extinction of the reigning family. Henry VIII.'s desire to see the throne established in his family, assumed the form of a morbid conscience, and hurried him into a fierce struggle with the Papal power. This brought about the reckless consummation of the revolution, which had long been ripening in Church and State.

Mary, as a daughter of the divorced Catherine, and a devoted believer in the Papal supremacy, could hardly contemplate with complacency the claims of Elizabeth to the succession. For

although at Henry's order, an Act of Parliament had declared Elizabeth to be illegitimate; yet years afterwards, when he was empowered to name his successors, Henry had acknowledged Elizabeth's claim by including her with Edward and Mary in his will. He named the Grey family also, to the exclusion of the claims of the Scottish Stuarts.

It is evident that during the reign of Mary, Elizabeth found it more convenient, as well as pleasanter, to live remote, with friends, in the country houses of Essex and Hertford, than to expose herself to the political temptations of court life, though her visits were often a condition of semi-captivity, and more a matter of compulsion than of choice.

Elizabeth had already gained the affectionate regard of the English people, a fact in itself sufficient to determine the jealous Mary on a policy adverse to her sister. Elizabeth's freedom often hung on a hair, and the Quixotic enterprise of Wyatt brought her perilously near the block. The traditions, relative to her residence in Essex, during her early years, if they show us nothing more, reveal the notion of the common people, that Elizabeth endured many annoyances, as the

result of her father's domestic complications. Elizabeth's mother, during the heighday of her beauty and reputation, often visited the Fitz Walters, at Woodham Walter, near Maldon. The mansion is now in ruins, but a building near at hand, then belonging to the Fitz Walters, and called the Fort, is pointed out to the curious at this day, as one of Elizabeth's refuges.

Great Bardfield, also, is said to have afforded her a more secluded shelter; though it was not at the Hall itself but at an old farm-house, not far away, called Place Farm, two rooms of which were appropriated to her use. Anne of Cleves resided at Great Bardfield Hall after her rejection by Henry VIII. Edward VI. bestowed the estate on Sir Thomas Wrothe, and it was with the Wrothe family that Elizabeth occasionally dwelt.

When the movement in favour of Lady Jane Grey sank into insignificance, and Mary journeyed from Norwich to London to claim the crown, she put up at Wanstead House, as a convenient place from which to watch events. Elizabeth, feeling Mary's cause to be her own, and deeming it politic to make a favourable impression, rode out to Wanstead, accompanied by a cavalcade of

knights, ladies, and gentlemen, to meet the queen and assure her of her loyalty. Wanstead House, afterwards came into the possession of the Earl of Leicester, and in the year 1578, when Elizabeth had been queen many years, Leicester entertained her there for five days. There were revels and masques—one written by Sir Philip Sidney—and much rude magnificence, befitting the taste of that exuberant period.

The Norman and Angevin kings made progresses through the country, and relieved the Royal Exchequers by living at free forage, for a while, at the houses of wealthy subjects. Elizabeth, like a sensible woman, kept up the good custom when she became queen, feeling "that every nobleman's house was her palace." During the latter part of the year 1579, after the usual fever of preparation among the court officials, she made a progress through Essex, arriving at Havering from Greenwich, on the 5th of August.

The following itinerary barely records the dates on which she arrived at her various destinations; the duration of her visits, and in some instances the names of the persons who afforded her entertainment.

"Aug.	5.	Greenwich to Havering.	There	5	days.
„	10	Mr. Weston Browne's.	„	2	„
„	12	Lord Riche's, Lees.	„	3	„
„	15	Lady Maltravers, Gosfield	„	5	„
„	20	Mr. Waldegrave's, Smallbridge	„	2	„
„	22	Ipswich	„	4	„
„	26	Harwich	„	3	„
„	29	Lord Darcy's	„	3	„
Sept.	1	Colchester	„	2	„
„	3	Mrs. Tukes, Layer Marney	„	2	„
„	5	Mrs. Harries, Maldon	„	2	„
„	7	Sir Thos. Mildmay's, Moulsham	„	4	„
„	11	Lady Petre's, Ingatestone	„	3	„
„	14	Havering	„	2	„

This record leaves us to picture the affair as best we may, as it yields no hint of the fuss and flutter of hosts and hostesses to do the honours of their houses handsomely. Rooms were swept and garnished and floors strewn with fresh rushes. Arras hangings were dusted, darned, and generally refurbished. Barons of beef and haunches of venison burdened the creaking side-boards, and home-brewed ale foamed in the jovial flagons. Silver plate, more massive than artistic, made its rare appearance, though the rank and file supped from wooden and pewter platters. New fangled forks proved irritating and awkward in the hands of the unaccustomed. The queen and great ladies slept on pillows, but commoner

heads lay easily or uneasily, as they could. Most of the houses where the queen put up during this journey were new, and possessed chimneys; so that the eyes of the queen and her retinue were not stung by the sour vagrant smoke, as the eyes of most of her lieges were. In the older houses the culinary fires were piled near the "reredosse" at the end of the hall. The inevitable fumes wandered sullenly around the rooms, and finally found their way out through the conveniently unglazed windows.

We may assure ourselves that the luxuries then newly in vogue were made the most of, to the great scandal of the conservative and austere Puritans. Fancy the village folk gathering round, eager after pleasant pickings of crumbs which fell from rich men's tables, and agape at the miraculous finery of the royal party, as well as at the unwonted splendours of their own lord and lady, freshly donned to grace each expensive occasion. Fancy too, the hunting parties, with every picturesque appurtenance, making the scenes merry with clinking harness, neighing horses, baying of deep-mouthed hounds, jingling of falcon jesses, and the shrill and stirring cries of the hunters. Many a fat stag was doubtless

brought to bay, slain and carried home in triumph, with

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

The Essex forests afforded plenty of play and respite from policy to the hearty queen, who entered into all such sports with joyous gusto, in spite of her six and forty years. Picture her there, in ruff and farthingale, and other antique finery, with her red hair, firm features, and strong voice, every thing about her keen and strident; getting past her middle life—much to her chagrin.

Nearly all the families, visited by Elizabeth, were "new people," mostly children or grand-children of men who had made themselves useful to Henry VIII. Some of them had carved "a monstrous cantle out" of the old Abbey lands, and owed their rank and fortunes to the same movement which had made Queen Elizabeth possible.

Havering-atte-Bower, a manor of 1,000 acres, the first stopping-place, was part of a queen's jointure, and queen dowagers often dwelt there. At the time of Elizabeth's visit, the place was under the custody of the de Veres, Earls of Oxford and Keepers of the Essex Forests.

While there, among other chat, old legends connecting Edward the Confessor with Havering and the neighbourhood would be sure to crop up.

The queen's next host was Mr. Weston-Browne. This gentleman was a grand-nephew, and heir of Sir Anthony Brown. Sir Anthony, a man of great character, was Chief Justice of Common Pleas at Elizabeth's accession; but he was removed in the following January to take a seat on the bench as an ordinary judge; some say on account of his conscientious adherence to the "old religion." When he died childless in 1567, this grand-nephew of his came into the property and privileges of Southweald, and Rookwood Hall, and several other manors. Southweald was one of the first cultivated manors in the Essex Forest. Mr. Weston-Browne died just a year after the visit of the queen.

The next halt was made at Leighs Priory, in the midst of a pleasant country, which afforded many opportunities of enjoyment. This place at one time belonged to the "Augustine Friars, or "Black Canons," and was dedicated to the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist. Henry VIII. granted the Priory, together with several adjacent manors, to Sir Richard Riche, who was at the

time Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations. It was considered worth very little, for at Sir Richard's death it was valued at about £2 a year. For upwards of a century the Riche family dwelt in Essex in great splendour, and attained to some of the highest places in the state. The baron who entertained the queen died in the February of the next year, or the year following.

From Lord Riche's, Elizabeth moved to Gosfield, to stay with Lady Maltravers. This lady was related to the Riche family by a former marriage, and in some books she is styled Lady Riche. At the death of her father, Sir John Wentworth, in 1567, she became sole heiress to an immense property. Her first husband, Sir Hugh Riche, died in 1554. She then married young Henry Fitz Alan, Lord Maltravers, and heir-apparent to the great Duke of Arundel; but he died at Brussels in 1556, at the early age of nineteen. Disappointed in her great matches, and being exceedingly wealthy for that age, she cast her eyes on a serving gentleman named William Deane, who achieved what Malvolio failed at, and had "greatness thrust upon him," for his lady "took him to her bed, and made him considerable." Lady Maltravers died in the year

following the queen's visit. The two halls at Gosfield belonged to Lady Maltravers, and Elizabeth's stopping-place was probably at the one sometimes known as "Bellowes."

The next host, Mr. Edward Waldegrave, of Smallbridge, owned several manors in Essex, but the visits to him and to Ipswich do not come within the scope of this paper.

When Elizabeth arrived at Harwich she found a pleasant little town, and the magistrates and towns-folk most dutiful in their attentions. They lodged her in the High Street and entertained her well, and when the three days were over the magistrates accompanied her "as far as the windmill out of the town." The queen had evidently enjoyed herself, and when she asked them what they desired, they answered: "Nothing! but to wish your majesty a good journey;" at which she turned herself about, and taking a look at the place remarked: "A pretty place! and wants nothing!"

The queen then moved on to Lord Darcy's. The Darcys were widely spread over Essex, and possessed much property among them. This Lord Darcy lived at Chiche, or St. Osyth, near the sea, much out of the direct route from Har-

wich to Colchester. The first Baron Darcy was created a peer in 1551, and he died in 1558. This lord was the second baron of the name. Earl Godwin at one time owned St. Osyth; it afterwards came into the hands of the Church, and at the seizure of the abbey lands fell to Lord Cromwell for a whole knight's fee. On Cromwell's attainder the manor reverted to the crown, and was eventually granted to Thomas, Lord Darcy, K.G. Water-mills, fulling-mills, and fulling-stocks were in full swing in the neighbourhood at the time of Elizabeth's visit. Lady Darcy was a daughter of the Riches of Leighs Priory.

On the queen's arrival at Colchester she found the town all agog. The magistrates, though they had been friendly to Mary, determined not to be out-done by any town in their expression of loyalty to Elizabeth,—very likely with an eye to future favours. The bailiffs and aldermen who welcomed her majesty, appeared "some on nags and some in velvet gowns," the chroniclers of the time being most precise regarding the "comely geldings" they rode, and the "damask and satin cassocks," "scarlet gowns," "satin sleeves," "caps and velvet tippets," which they wore. The council attended also, in their antique garniture

of livery murrey and what not, with their hearts swollen big within them. Secretary Walsingham, a great man with his mistress, and Recorder of Colchester, made his best speech, and Elizabeth received the gift of a double-gilt silver cup, costing twenty marks, with "40 angels in the same," altogether, cup and contents, worth in modern hard cash, £33 6s. 8d. The smallest contributions, in kind or specie, were always welcome to Elizabeth, as she knew—none better—the value of the lucre.

From Colchester the royal party journeyed to Layer Marney, to stay a couple of days with Mrs. Tuke, the widow of Mr. George Tuke, who had died a few years previously. He left Mrs. Tuke in charge of the heir and the estate. This family was founded by Sir Bryan Tuke, a lawyer of great capacity and eloquence, who made his fortune under Henry VIII. He was Sheriff of Essex in 1533, and held at different times many important offices under the crown.

Elizabeth's next hostess was Mrs. Cordelia Harris. Her estate, called "Friars" by the country folk, was formerly a Carmelite priory, which came indirectly into the hands of Sir Thomas Harris, after the Sequestration. Sir

Thomas broke the entail by "fine and recovery," and so left his widow in possession at his death. This method of avoiding the entail was becoming common at this period.

Moulsham, the seat of the Mildmays, at which Elizabeth next stopped, was granted by Henry VIII. in 1540, to Sir Thomas Mildmay, an auditor of the Court of Augmentations, for the valuable consideration of twenty years' purchase. The estate covered about 1,300 acres. Moulsham Hall was reputed to be "the finest esquire's residence in the county." Dovehouse, deerpark, and rabbit warren contributed their share to the amusement of the royal guest, who extended her visit to four days. The Mildmays were an ancient Essex family, which after a time divided into several important branches.

The next two days were spent at Ingatestone, with Lady Petre. We can fancy the anglers of the party enjoying good sport here, in the well-watered, shady bottoms, and supplying the table of their hostess with delicious fish. The Petre family, like many others, profited substantially at the Sequestration. In spite of his devotion to the Papacy, Sir William Petre held the forfeited estate in Mary's time. Being a devout Catholic,

but fond of land, and feeling either compunction of conscience, or that his title was not valid in the eyes of Rome, he obtained a bull from Paul IV., permitting the retention of the estate.

On the 14th of September the Royal party returned to Havering, from whence they had started nearly six weeks before.

Elizabeth's movements at Tilbury in 1588 are too well known to need much comment here, but a private letter from the camp, written to the Earl of Sussex by Sir Edward Radclyffe, contains an item or two of interest :—

> "It pleased her majesty to send for me into my Lord Generall Leicester's tent, and to make me kiss her hand, giving me thanks for my forwardness in this service, telling me I shewed from what howse I descended, with many gratious words of your lordship's good service, and again, whilst her majestie was at dinner in my Lord Generall's tent, ther came a post and brought intelligence that the Duke Parma, with all his forces, was embarkt for England, which report luckily proved untrue.

A correspondence took place in 1597, between Mr. Henry Maynard and Mr. Michael Hickes—Burleigh's secretary—respecting a proposed royal trip into Essex. They hoped to make Havering and St. Theobalds their headquarters. These letters represent the usual arrangements and

worry whenever Elizabeth paid one of her several prolonged visits to Lord Burleigh. Her visits cost Burleigh as much as £2,000 a time, but Burleigh felt this expenditure to be a wise investment. Letters, about the same date, to the same Mr. Hickes, from Loughton, reveal the perils besetting ordinary travellers at that time. There is reference to mounted and masked highwaymen on Leyton Heath, who made their rendezvous at Snaresbrook, and rendered travelling dangerous, except in companies well armed and escorted. Prudence would hadly permit the daring rascals to attack a royal cortege. Shakespeare's "Gad's Hill" scene is a faithful picture of the insecurity of the time; and unscrupulous gentlemen, even in the Commission of the Peace, sometimes lent more than an indirect countenance to these knights of the road —for a consideration, influenced probably by the same spirit as Falstaff:—

"What! ye knaves, young men must live."

The Salmons and Haddocks of Leigh.

By Morris Payne.

IT is possible that the above title may, at first, suggest to the casual reader an ungrammatically described dissertation upon certain piscatorial luxuries of our daily *cuisine;* the more so as Leigh has been, from time immemorial, devoted to the fishing industry, and, as a local guide-book tersely informs us, still carries on a considerable traffic in the homely shrimp and succulent winkle. Hence it is expedient to at once say that the Salmons and the Haddocks were illustrious families, who for generations were numbered amongst the great of this neighbourhood, and whose virtues and good works are writ large upon many and diverse pages of our national and maritime history.

Denizens of a village which Camden has, for all time, so happily described as "a pretty little town stocked with lusty seamen," it is of little wonder that the fortunes of these two great families were always, more or less, connected with the sea.

This fact is amply testified by an examination of the numerous monumental inscriptions in, and around, the old parish church of Saint Clement. There many a Salmon and many a Haddock commingle their dust with the Bonners, Goodlads, and other celebrated seaworthies of the old school, whose enterprise and indomitable courage made the British nation known and feared in all lands. There they sleep,—merchants, captains, admirals, knights,—till a far deeper note than ever made by boatswain's pipe shall summon all hands to answer to the last great muster roll.

Beyond the record of public deeds performed by the male members of these families, little can now be gleaned of their private and unofficial life. History concerns itself not with the long line of worthy matrons and maids who graced their halls, rejoiced in their successes, and charmed away the sting of many a failure. True the women folk share the narrow beds of their helpmeets, under and beneath the shadow of the grey church tower, and their virtues are briefly incorporated with the epitaphs of their lords, but imagination must, of necessity, supply much of the historically lacking local colour. How St. Clement's fine peal of bells must have, on many occasions, nearly cracked,

trying to outvie the lusty shouts of the village swains as the gaily robed bridal procession passed through the gateway! What patriotic joy pervaded the township when intelligence came by dusty courier of yet another victory achieved beyond the seas by a Haddock, and what rivers of ale—ale, my masters, demulcent sparkling hop ale, not the decoction known as such to-day—must have flowed down the throats of the hardy fisher-lads when the hero himself returned once more amongst them! But the kaleidoscope of imagination is boundless, and its borderland is fact.

The Salmons as a family, who, according to the lax orthography of the times, interchangably spelt their names as Salmon, Salman, and Saman, were known in Leigh as early as the middle of the twelfth century, and were probably merchants of no particular celebrity. The first record of them spared by the ravages of time was a brass to Robert Salman and Alicia his wife. This no longer exists, having disappeared during the restoration of the church in 1837-8, but luckily the inscription has been preserved as follows:—

> "Hic jacet Roberts Salman, Alicia, & John[a]. ux. ejus, qi qui de Roberts. Ob. 15 Sept. 1472."

The earliest existing brass is to one Thomas Saman, churchwarden in 1552, whose name is handed down to posterity as "a man of worthy prayse a ffrende unto the ffrendles a ffather to this Towne." The tablet further informs us that he was grandfather to Thomas Saman, and that both deceased on the 5th of August, 1576, the former aged seventy years, whilst the latter was but fourteen years old. Not far from this tablet in the parish church is a brass to Robert Salmon, who was Master of Trinity House in the year 1588. I append the inscription in full, which is written in old English :—

> "Here lieth Robert Salmon who tooke to Wife Agnes w^th^ | whome he lived XXXII yeares and had issue by her sixe | sonnes & foure daughters he deceased the sixth daye | of September in the yeare of our lord God 1591. | "

Reference to this Robert Salmon may be found on a window in the chapel of the Trinity Almshouses, situated in the east end of London. One of the panes bears three interlaced salmon, the badge of the family, and is surmounted by a merchant's mark. It also contains the date 1588, which was the year of his installation as Master of the Trinity House.

An almost identical pane, referring to Robert

Salmon, Junior, son of the above, may also be found in close juxtaposition. Robert Salmon, the younger, attained to an even greater celebrity than his father, and will ever be spoken of in connection with the restoration of scientific navigation.

He married, in 1620, a sister of that distinguished divine, Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, and widow of a Captain Bonner, of Leigh, who was one of the brethren of Trinity House.

Chosen Sheriff of London in 1640, Robert Salmon made himself very popular, and, after an exceptionally brilliant career, deceased in 1641 at the age of seventy-four. It is probable that in the year of his shrievalty he adopted the Salmon coat of arms, for the first record of its use may be found upon a magnificent mural monument, erected to his memory in the parish church at Leigh.

The monument consists of an entablature, supported by pillars, in the centre of which is a shield bearing the following arms executed in colours :—

> "Sable, three salmons haurient in fess or, impaling, or, on a bend engrailed cotised plain sable, three mullets of the field."

In the alcove below is a sculptured bust of Robert Salmon, representing him as resting his right hand upon a baton, and his left upon a sphere. Just beneath the figure is the following inscription which I reproduce in extenso:

"MEMORIÆ & HONORI SACRVM
MAGNO REIPVBLICÆ INSTRVMENTO & ORNA-
[MENTO
ROBERTO SALMON ARMIGERO
REI NAVTICÆ ANº 1614 PENE EXTINCTÆ
[RESTAVRATORI DOMVS
TRINITATIS 1617 MAGISTRO & GLORIÆ
[VICECOMITI LONDON 1640
ELECTO VIRO RELIGIONE IN DEVM PROBITATE
[IN OMENS ÆTERNVM
IMITANDO OBIIT ANNO CHRISTI 1641 ÆTATIS
[74 & HIC CVM
MAIORIB' 300 INSTAR ANNORVM IESVM SVLIM
[EXPECTAT
TO YE MEMORY OF YE RIGHT WORTHY &
[WORLL
ROBERT SALMON ESQVIRE
THAT GREAT INSTRVMENT OF GODS GLORY &
[YE COMMONWEALTHS GOOD
RESTORER OF NAVIGATION ALMOST LOST 1614
[MR OF YE TRINITY HOVSE 1617
& YE GLORY OF IT 24 YEARES CHOSEN SHERIFF
[OF LONDON 1640 WHOSE
SOLID IVDGMENT ACTIVE WITT VPRIGTNES TO
[ALL TRVE PIETY TO GOD
REQVIRE ADMIRATION & IMITATION HEE DIED
[TO YE LOSS OF ALL BVT HIS GREAT

COMFORT IVNE 18 1641 IN HIS 74TH YEARE
[WAS INTERRED WITH HIS
AVNCESTORS OF ABOVT 300 YEARES CONTINV-
[ANCE IN YE GRAVE OF HIS FATHER
IN THIS CHAVNCELL WHERE HEE EXPECTETH
[A IOYFVLL RESVRRECTION

{Doe (Marble stone) preserve his name
& bee ye treasurer of his fame}
{But if thou faile his name will bee
A lasteing Monument to thee.}

This, by far the greatest representative of an honoured race, lies buried beside his father in the north aisle of the church. His commemorative brass is in a state of perfect preservation, and all and sundry may read the inscription in large capitals as here set forth :

HERE LYETH ROBERT SALMON ESQ
TO WHOSE DESERVED MEMORY THE
MONVMENT ON THE NORTH WALL IS
ERECTED HEE WAS BORNE IN THIS
TOWNE 1566 & BVRIED IVNE 18 1641

Traces of many another distinguished bearer of this name are not wanting, but lack of space bids us now turn the search light of investigation upon the ancient tombs of the Haddock family.

In the church at Leigh there still remains one solitary Haddock memorial, dating from the fifteenth century. It is situated at the east end of the north aisle and consists of a large

recumbent slab in which are embedded brasses as follows:—Two men and two women standing alternately full face. Beneath their feet runs a narrow slip of brass inscribed and beneath this are two groups of children representing ten sons and eleven daughters. The adult figures probably represent Richard Haddock, and either his first or second wife, and John Haddock and his wife. The men stand bare-headed with closely cropped hair, clad in flowing robes with full sleeves, which conceal the figures down to the ankles. The women wear flowing robes with bag sleeves, the figures being entirely covered. The mitred head-dresses entirely hide the hair, the faces only being revealed. All four of the figures have their hands clasped.

INSCRIPTION.

> Hic jacent Ricus Haddok & Christina ac Margareta vxes ei' & Johes Haddoc filius dcor' Rici & Christine ac Alicia vx' dci' Johis qui q'dm Ricus obijt xi die Novembr' A° dni M°cccc liiij qr aibz ppciet de'.

The words occurring after the date have been much defaced by a Puritanical chisel.

This forms the solitary memorial to any member of the Haddock family at Leigh for over two hundred years. The next in order bears

date well in the seventeenth century, and will be found in the churchyard.

On the south side of the church is a large altar tomb, the inscription upon which is unfortunately nearly all illegible. After an ineffectual attempt to copy it, I am compelled to fall back upon Benton,* with whose help I render the lettering as follows :—

> "This tomb was erected by Sir Richard Haddock Kt. in memory of his grandfather Capt. Richard Haddock who died 22 May 1660 aged 79 years. As also his father Capt. William Haddock who died 22 September 1667 aged 60 years. And his mother Anna Haddock who died 6 January A.D. 1688 in the 78 year of her age who all lie underneath in the vault. Also ye body of Dame Eliz. Haddock wife of Sr. Richard Haddock who dyed ye 26 of Feby $170\frac{9}{10}$ aged 59 years. And ye body of Sr. Richard Haddock Comptroller of His Majesties Navy who died ye 29 of Janry $17\frac{14}{15}$ aged 85 years."

The Richard Haddock, captain, who is first mentioned on the tomb, resided at Leigh, and in the year 1652 received a reward of £40 (a considerable sum in those days) from Parliament, for his public services. His son, William, was also a naval captain, and gained celebrity by his gallant conduct during the

* History of the Rochford Hundred. Philip Benton (1867).

action with the Dutch fleet in 1653. So much appreciated were his services, that Cromwell and his parliament awarded him a gold medal. A commission appointing him to the command of a ship named the *America*, and bearing the signatures of Blake and Dean, was long preserved amongst the family archieves. Upon his retirement from active service, Captain William Haddock returned to his native place, and purchased considerable property.

Maratime history preserves the story of the gallantry displayed by Sir Richard Haddock when in command of the Earl of Sandwich's flagship, the *Royal James*, at the sanguinary battle of Solebay in 1672. The vessel having taken fire, this worthy son of William Haddock was almost the only surviving officer in the ship.

His admiral, the Earl, having refused to quit the vessel, Sir Richard, although seriously wounded in the foot, saved his own life by leaping overboard. So highly valued were his services in this action, that upon his return he was presented to Charles II., who graciously took the silken cap from his own head and placed it upon that of the hero.

Sir Richard Haddock afterwards took a pro-

minent part in other important engagements, and subsequently was made a Commissioner of the Navy. He was knighted in 1675, and three years later was chosen to represent Aldbrough in Parliament. From 1683 to 1690 he served as First Commissioner of the Victualling office. After the accession of William, Prince of Orange, he became Comptroller of the Navy, in which office he continued until his death. In 1690, Sir Richard was appointed joint Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet with Admiral Killigrew and Sir John Ashby in the expedition against Ireland, and lived after this for many years in honourable retirement. He died in London on the 6th of February, 1715, and was interred at Leigh.

His eldest son, Richard, was appointed Comptroller of the Navy, in 1734, and held office for fifteen years. Few particulars are obtainable of this great man, and there is no record of his death upon the tomb, but from an entry culled from the parish register I gather that he died at Mile End, London, in 1751, and was interred at Leigh, by the side of his father.

There is another Haddock vault close by, the upper slab of which is now nearly level with the ground. As all the lettering is completely ob-

literated, I am again indebted to Benton for the arms and inscription. Crest:—A demi-swan, wings expanded. Arms:—Argent, a cross sable, in the first quarter a fleur-de-lis of the second.

INSCRIPTION.

"In memory of LYDIA HADDOCK who died March 22nd 1732 aged 19 also FRANCIS HADDOCK who died November 22nd 1735 aged . . . . also NICHOLAS HADDOCK Esquire Admiral of the Blue who died Sept. 26 1746 aged 60."

Nicholas Haddock was the third and youngest son of Sir Richard Haddock. He attained to the rank of a Captain in the Navy at the remarkably early age of twenty-two. In command of the *Grafton*, seventy guns, in the action with the Spaniards off Sicily, under Sir George Byng, he led the van, and attacked and disabled four ships of heavy metal in succession. After much distinguished service Nicholas became Rear Admiral of the Blue, and hoisted his flag on the *Namur*, a battle-ship of ninety guns. He was employed in 1740 in making reprisals upon the Spaniards, who had become the terror of the seas. Amongst the prizes which they yielded to his prowess were two ships said to be of the value of two million dollars. He was next promoted to be a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and in recognition of the great

service he rendered in protecting trade in the Mediterranean, the Italian Merchants addressed the Lords of the Admiralty in a letter of thanks, and presented the gallant Admiral with a magnificent golden cup. After passing through various grades, he was advanced to be Admiral of the Blue. His portrait may still be seen amongst a collection of celebrated Naval Officers at Greenwich Hospital.

Admiral Nicholas twice represented Rochester in Parliament, first in 1734 and again in 1741.

A stirring commentary, alike upon this man's sterling honesty, and the spirit of the times in which he lived, may be deduced from his last words spoken to his son when he lay a-dying. Said he, "my son, considering my rank in life and public services for so many years, I have left you but a small fortune, but it is honestly got and will wear well; there are no seaman's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirt money in it." Of the son thus apostrophised, little is known. It is not given to every man to be numbered amongst the great, and although no magnificent public deeds are blazoned upon his records, it is written that he well maintained the spotless honour bequeathed by his noble-minded

progenitor. The male line of the Haddocks is now extinct.

In these days of diplomatic paper wars, we are all too apt to forget that the unshaken foundations of that noble erection, our glorious British constitution, are cemented by the life-blood of many such as these ancient worthies of Leigh. The world's monody rings out as true as ever it did in praise of all brave and noble deeds, but the stanzas of the past are drowned by the acclamations of the present—even as the present must be lost in the future. The smoothly gliding stream of fame often proves but a tributary leading to Lethe's river. Time's chirography having so plainly impressed the mutability of all earthly greatness upon the lichen-grown memorials of these bygone heroes, comment becomes superfluous. He who runs may read.

The Dutch Refugees and the Bay and Say Trade.

By Joseph W. Spurgeon.

HISTORY affords many illustrations of the truth that oppression begets revolt, and that persecution and tyranny recoil upon the head of the persecutor or the tyrant. There is, perhaps, no more conspicuous example than the case of Philip II. of Spain. Commencing his reign as the most powerful monarch in Europe, he closed it with his power crushed and broken, his country well-nigh ruined, both politically and financially, and himself universally detested. Can it be questioned that this state of things was the logical outcome of his mad policy, nay, was the just vengeance of Heaven for the innumerable cruelties he had perpetrated?

The story of his treatment of the Netherlanders is a terrible one of ruthless, uncompromising despotism; but it was that which aroused them to make their bold and successful fight for freedom. The Inquisition introduced into their

country by Charles V. had strengthened and deepened the very "heresy" it sought to destroy, notwithstanding that its victims numbered nearly 100,000. On Philip's accession it was evident that whereas his father had chastised them with whips, he would chastise them with scorpions. "A dull and malignant bigot . . . was thenceforth to exercise despotic authority over countries which for centuries had enjoyed a local administration and a system nearly approaching to complete self-government." In the Duke of Alva Philip found a fitting agent to carry out his desires; a man of whom it is recorded "that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom."

Marching into the Netherlands with 10,000 picked veterans, Alva proceeded at once to establish the infamous "Council of Troubles," which in less than three months hurried eighteen hundred people to execution, including some of the best and noblest in the land. No one felt safe. The most trivial acts were construed as treason, and to be suspected or accused was in most cases sufficient to condemn a prisoner to the

scaffold. Alva had two main objects, the extirpation of heresy and the replenishment of the royal exchequer. To which of the two he attached the most importance may be guessed from his own prophecy, that as soon as the heretics in the Netherlands began to meet with their deserts, "treasure would flow in a stream a yard deep." Any who had possessions worth confiscating naturally stood in the greatest danger, and in spite of the severe penalties with which those were threatened who aided heretics to escape, large numbers fled from the land. The Duchess of Parma wrote to Philip informing him that in a few days above 100,000 men had left the country with their money and goods, and that more were following them every day.

For some years previously, owing to the Inquisition, a constant exodus had been going on. Very many of the refugees had found shelter in England. As early as 1547 there was a congregation of them at Canterbury; in 1548 there were more than five thousand in London, some of whom afterwards removed to Norwich. When the contract of marriage was made between Mary and Philip, they were ordered to leave the kingdom. Those who could obey the order did

so, finding an asylum at Emden, but on the accession of Elizabeth many of these returned to London, and were allowed to assemble for worship, as before, in the church of the Austin Friars. In 1561 a Dutch congregation of 200 families, 406 persons in all, was permitted to settle in the town of Sandwich; three years later, at the earnest request of the inhabitants of Norwich, a new colony was established in that city. But the number of Flemish fugitives was considerably augmented in the years 1567-72 by the operations of the "Blood Council."

Their flight was beset with difficulties and dangers, and they were seeking refuge in a foreign land where they could not be sure of a welcome—for Elizabeth's policy was vacillating enough to render this at least uncertain. They were leaving home and fatherland, possibly for ever; they were obliged to abandon all property save such as was portable; they were sad with memories of loved ones who had suffered for the cause of the Truth. Yet their plight was not so pitiable as might have been expected. They were full of hope and trust in God, and of thankfulness for their escape. Moreover, most of them had saved sufficient capital to support

themselves for a time, and they were skilled in various trades, chiefly devoted to the production of woollen fabrics. They were homeless, but not destitute. They did not beg for food and shelter, for they could pay for both. All they asked was permission to dwell here and pursue their avocations in peace. This was willingly given. Besides those towns already mentioned, several others, such as Colchester, Southampton, Maidstone, Yarmouth and Lynn, were glad to receive the Strangers, partly on account of the new industries they brought with them, and in each place a "Dutch Congregation" was formed.

Our attention must be particularly directed to the congregation at Colchester, and its ultimate influence on the whole county of Essex. In the year 1570, a considerable influx of fugitives into the Flemish colony at Sandwich put the available accommodation there to a severe test. Not only so, but the permission to settle there had been restricted to a certain number. It was necessary, therefore, for some of them now to seek homes elsewhere. To their honour be it recorded, about fifty persons who had been residing at Sandwich for some time and were doubtless familiar with English habits and language, voluntarily made

room for the new-comers, and removed to Colchester. Why they selected this town can only be surmised. It is true that in the reign of Edward III. a number of Flemish weavers had settled there, but the manufacture they had carried on had long since disappeared. A more probable reason was that the town was a stronghold of Protestantism, no fewer than nineteen* martyrs having suffered there in the reign of Queen Mary.

Soon after their arrival in Colchester, a letter was sent by the Bailiffs to the Privy Council, dated 1st August, 1570, in which they stated that

"Whereas of late a number of Dutchmen have come to this town of Colchester, about Eleaven households, to the number of 50 persons small and great. . . . Wee therefore called before us certain of the best of them, and required to know the Cause of their coming, and so long tarrying there. Who answered, that they were Part of the dispersed Flock of late driven out of Flanders, for that their Consciences were offended with the Masse. And, for fear of the Tyranny of the Duke D'Alva, to save their Lives, and keep their Consciences, they came into this Realm for protection. And said they came from Sandwich, where for that divers others of their Countrymen came lately over, they thought good to give them place; and to see, if they could place themselves conveniently in this Town. . . . And further they said, that there were more of their Company at Sandwich, which

* According to another statement, twenty-three.

together with these, are to the Number of Two hundred souls, that minde also, if they may be permitted, to come hither; . . . which persons are of such Sciences as are not usual with us, but weave sackcloth, make needles, parchment, weavours, and such like. . . . The appearance shew, that great Proffit might arise to the common Estate of this Towne greatly decayed. . . . and therefore we have given them friendly Entertainment, untill that we might signifie the same their Request unto your Honours. . . . And this we cannot but greatly commend the same Strangers unto you; for sithence their first coming hither, we find them to be very Honest, Godly, Civill, and well-ordered people; not given to any outrage or excess. Wherefore if any should be allotted to be in this Town, we would rather chuse these and such as they shall commend than any other."

The Privy Council readily granted the desired permission, and in the following March sent a letter to the bailiffs, confirming their good-will towards the Strangers and exhorting the authorities of the town to aid and protect them in every possible way.

Thus favoured and encouraged, the exiles proved themselves worthy of the kindnesses they received. The fortunes of the town quickly revived. Employment was found for the poorer inhabitants in carding and spinning woollen yarn, which the Flemish artificers wove into fabrics called "Bays and Says," corresponding to our modern baize and serge, though of coarser

texture. This Bay, or Bays,* of which Crabb states that "both the name and the thing were introduced into England by the Flemish refugees," was then used almost entirely for clothing. Says (or Say)† and Serge seem to have been interchangeable names, as is suggested by their juxtaposition in the following line from Shakespeare (2 Henry VI., act iv., sc. 7):—

> CADE (to Lord Say): "Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord!"

The immigrants made other textile goods, described by Ruytinck‡ as "Trypen, Grosgreynen, Moccaden," which being interpreted are, Drap (?) or Drab, a thick woollen cloth, Grogram or Grosgrain, stuff made of silk and mohair, and Mockado, a sort of mock velvet. But it was the Bay trade in particular for which Colchester became famous.

The Strangers lived as a community separate from the other townspeople, and formed a guild for the regulation of their trade. They built a hall at the top of High Street, the ground floor of which was open to the street and served as an Exchange; over this was the Dutch Bay Hall,

* Dutch *baai*; Old French *bai*.
† Old French *saie*.
‡ Minister of the Austin Friars Church, London.

where the company's meetings took place and the goods were assayed and sealed. Every bay had to be taken direct from the loom to this hall, where it was examined in an apartment called the Raw-hall by the officers appointed to that duty, and if it were not well and truly made a fine called *Rawbote* * was imposed on the maker. When the piece had been "roughed, fulled, scoured, and thicked," it must be submitted to another inspection in an apartment called the White-hall, to determine whether these operations had been properly performed; and within 21 days it had to be brought to receive its final sentence. Penalties were imposed for any faults found in work or materials. Each bay, as it was manufactured, had four small leaden seals attached, which were stamped by the officials of the Bay-Hall. One of these bore a number; on the second was impressed the amount of the Rawbote (if any); on the third the seal of the White-hallers, to show the piece had passed their examination; and on the fourth, the alnage seal, was specified the length of the piece. There

* All of these fines which were collected from *English* bay makers were paid to the authorities for the support of the poor of the borough, until the year 1698. The maximum annual amount was reached in 1680-1695, averaging £200.

were, besides, certain larger seals affixed to the finished pieces, to denote the quality. The sorts or qualities were four in number, known as Cross, Crown, Cut and Rent, respectively distinguished by five, four, three and two seals. One of these, called the letter seal, was common to all; it bore on the obverse three crowns and the words *Dyts Colcestr Baye 1571*, on the reverse a griffin. The other three seals on the Crown bay (the inferior sort), had on one side three crowns and *Dyts Colcester Crone Bay 1571*, and on the reverse a griffin. The four seals peculiar to Cross bays (the best kind) had a cross ragulée with three crowns—the arms of the town—with the words *Dyts Colcester 100 Cross 1571*, and a griffin on the other side.

Thus every effort was made to maintain the good workmanship and reputation of the goods, and so thoroughly was the routine carried out that, as Morant says, "the Bays were sold upon the credit and bare inspection of the Seals, without opening the packs." In later years the seals were counterfeited and falsified in various ways, a matter which engaged the special attention of the Privy Council in 1635; but evidently the esteem in which the Colchester

bays were held was not greatly damaged thereby. In 1656 Evelyn wrote of Colchester as "the only place in England where these stuffs are made unsophisticated." An Act regulating the trade, made in Charles II.'s reign, rendered such fraudulent practices increasedly difficult.

The most precious privilege accorded to the Strangers was the right to manage their own religious affairs, and to worship according to the rule of the Reformed Church. The Colchester congregation were at first allowed the use of St. Giles's Church, and afterwards of All Saints', eventually having a chapel of their own in St. Mary's Lane.

As the number of fugitives from the Low Countries increased, so gradually more members were added to the original settlements, and new ones were formed. In 1571 a company of them was established at Harwich, and another, of forty families, at Halstead in 1577. The numbers in Colchester grew rapidly; many new arrivals, who were not allowed to settle in London, came here in 1575. In 1580, finding that the town "was upon the point of becoming a colony of Flemings," the Bailiffs issued an order that no more might come without their special permission.

Still, others seem to have arrived in 1584, and six years later, the baymakers of Halstead, taking some dislike to that place, removed to Colchester in spite of all attempts to prevent them.

While Elizabeth reigned, the Strangers enjoyed her patronage and protection, and prospered greatly. They supported their own poor, they were able to send financial assistance to the Prince of Orange, and they contributed largely to the equipment of the fleet which overthrew the Spanish Armada. But their prosperity soon aroused the jealousy of their neighbours, who in 1591, in a petition to the queen, complained of their increasing numbers. On the accession of James I., the Dutch churches sent a deputation to congratulate him, and received his assurance of protection. In the same year some of the English weavers in Colchester indicted and presented the Strangers "at two several quarter-sessions . . . for assembling themselves in a Company and Congregation in their Hall without the King's subjects, and there making orders and settling fines upon His Majesty's subjects, contrary to statute 21 Henr. VIII." The authorities, however, supported by the Privy Council, stopped these proceedings, and ordered that the Strangers

should not be further molested. The king granted his letters patent, dated October the 17th, 1612, confirming all the privileges, liberties and immunities, both religious and commercial, they had hitherto enjoyed. This, good as it was, appears to have marked the limit of King James's generosity. His subsequent attidude towards them was one of disfavour. There were two important circumstances which accounted for this. One of these was his desire to marry the Infanta of Spain to Prince Charles, and the other was the delay which occurred in the payment of £818,000 due to England by the United Provinces. His feelings naturally grew more and more friendly to Spain and hostile to the Netherlanders.

In 1614, a certain Sir Walter Chute asked the king to appoint him to "an office to bee erected for enregistring of Strangers, with a fee to belong to the same office of One Shilling sterling, to be payed yearlye for every such Stranger." The Dutch congregations pointed out that a complete register of all their members was kept at each place. In vain they protested. Two commissioners were assigned to the suggested duty, though Chute was not one of them. Local

opposition to the exiles now again arose. It was impossible for them to obtain the freedom of the towns in which they dwelt "for love or money." Sir Noel Caron, the ambassador of the States, represented their case to the king, but only obtained from him a promise of continued favour, which left things as they were. Nor were they allowed to worship as they pleased. In 1615 the Bishop of London, under whose jurisdiction they had been placed, laid a complaint against them because some of their members attended Communion at English Churches. He desired them to keep to their own congregations.

The wealth of the Flemish merchants and manufacturers had excited the cupidity of the king. In 1618 he was desperately in need of money, and a happy expedient was hit upon by which not only the repayment of a loan of £20,000 to them might be avoided, but further sums might be extorted from them. A suit was entered against them in the Star Chamber, accusing them of having sent abroad in less than three years no less than £2,740,000, by which "the bullion in the country was diminished." It was shown that no such amount had been coined in that period. The Solicitor-General, however,

computed the amount at £7,000,000! In spite of every effort to obtain justice, eighteen of the accused were condemned to pay fines amounting in all to £138,000. Petitions against this monstrous sentence poured in from all quarters, with the result that the total fine was reduced to £60,000, made up by the payment of £34,000 and the forfeiture of the loan with the overdue interest of £6,000.

The reign of King James was thus not very favourable to the Flemings; nor was their position much better in the next reign. An instance may be quoted as a specimen of the treatment they met with. In 1637, a Colchester baymaker, named Thomas Reignolds, who employed 500 hands, was charged with having paid some of his workmen "in kind" instead of in money. He was ordered to make certain payments to them, but he said "he would spend £100 before he would pay them a penny." Ninety-six persons swore that the statements made against him were "malicious calumnies, and that he had ever dealt honestly" with his workmen. However, he had to pay them double the wages of which it was said he had defrauded them, after being imprisoned in the Fleet for a

week, during which time his works were burnt down.

Archbishop Laud tried unsuccessfully to stop the separate services of the Strangers, but compelled their children of the second descent born in England to attend the parish churches. After his downfall this was reversed by an Act of Parliament, which granted the Dutch churches full freedom. This they enjoyed thenceforth without hindrance, and even the Act of Uniformity (1662) contained an exemption clause in their favour.

In the Siege of Colchester in 1648 the Dutch inhabitants suffered severely. Of the fine afterwards levied by Fairfax they had to pay considerably more than their share, to the amount (according to Morant) of £5,980. The church in London collected £520 18s. 0d. for their Colchester brethren, and other churches doubtless helped similarly.

The Flemish communities in England were now declining. Since the successful issue of the Netherland revolt many had returned to their native country; most of the original refugees were dead, and many of their children and grandchildren had lost their distinctive nationality by

marriage. The Naturalization Act of 1672 was taken advantage of by many more. The advent of William III. brought new members to the Churches, of which there were eight then existing. But gradually the Strangers were absorbed into the nation. The congregation at Colchester was dissolved in 1728, 158 years after its formation. The church in Austin Friars, London, is the only one remaining in England where weekly Dutch services are conducted.

The bay and say trade did not so readily die out. The manufacture was gradually adopted by English workmen. In the days of Charles II. it brought a return of £30,000 weekly in Colchester alone. In the eighteenth century about 20,000 hands were employed in the Colchester district, and nearly the whole county was found work in spinning the wool for the weavers. The trade also flourished in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and Northamptonshire.

Probably there are some still living who remember the heavy looms, and how they, as children, rode on the log while the weaver "beamed on his chain:"—

"A huge oaken log that to one end was tied,
While on it some half-dozen urchins would ride;

Thus increasing its weight we kept tight every thread,
And the warp round the beam was most evenly laid."

Perhaps, too, they can recount stories of the annual procession and merry-making of the wool-workers on the 3rd of February, the day of their "patron saint" Bishop Blaize.

Essex, as an agricultural county, has probably never thriven as it did in the old manufacturing days; but though the trade has long since migrated to the west and north-west, it would be wrong not to acknowledge the debt of gratitude due to the refugees from the Low Countries, who, for two centuries, made the county one of the most prosperous in England. Truly, in entertaining the Strangers the Colchester people found, so to speak, that they had "entertained angels unawares."

John Strype and Leyton.

By Thomas Downs.

THE father of John Strype, the ecclesiastical historian, was a native of Brabant, and it is said, fled to this country to escape persecution in his own. The beginning of the English silk trade, it is curious to note, synchronizes with the immigration of these refugees, and not as is popularly supposed with that of the Huguenot incursion, which arrived here after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685. The industry developed rapidly after the advent of the Huguenots it is true, for nearly 70,000 persons skilled in it found an asylum here or in Ireland, a large number of whom settling in Spitalfields contributed by their knowledge and skill to improve the industrial prosperity of England. These came chiefly from France, but those who really planted the manufacture of silk here in England were the artizans and merchants of Flanders and Brabant. Among these skilful immigrants was Mr. Strype, senior. A merchant

and silk throwster, he was doubtless a prominent man in the Corporation of "the Master, Wardens, and Assistants and Commonalty of Silk Throwsters," incorporated in 1629. He lived—as most merchants did in those days, upon the spot where their business was transacted—in a paved alley called "Strype's Court," situated in Petticoat Lane, in the parish of Stepney. The elder Strype must have been a man of substantial wealth and consequence in the neighbourhood to be signalised by giving his name even to a court, but as it takes less time for a name to become vulgarised than a saint to be canonized, it is not surprising to find the name of "Strype's Court" soon after become "Tripes Yard." Such is the measure of respect which the vulgar have for the great.

John Strype, the historian and antiquary, was born at his father's house in Petticoat Lane, on the first of November, 1643. This house was opposite to where lived King James' jeweller, Hans Jacobson, evidently a progenitor of the large family which now inhabits this area. Within sight was the mansion of Count Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador to the Court of James I. At this period the neighbourhood



LEYTON VICARAGE.

of Petticoat Lane was a fashionable residential centre, "Hog Lane" being the boundary between the City and the ancient parish of Stepney. In the Stepney Registers Strype's birthplace was called Petticoat Lane as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In point of notoriety it is on a par with that of Whitechapel in the history of London, and both have equally descended from their former great estate; nevertheless, there is a decided picturesqueness in the one, in spite of the loss of the Counts Gondamar, and the King's jeweller, as there is of improvement during late years in the character of the other.

Stepney Church, the mother church of the east end of London, had not begun its career of decadence and disintegration when John Strype was born, and his father attended there for worship. The parish contained residents of good social standing, not a few of whom played a most conspicuous part in the religious and maritime history of this country. Strype's connection with St. Dunstan's, Stepney, is shown by the entries in the baptismal register of the names of his brothers and sisters, and the intimation that his father lies buried in the venerable churchyard.

The future historian was educated at St.

Paul's School, the school for ever linked with the name of a famous Stepney Vicar, and Dean of St. Paul's, John Colet. Here he received the training in reformation principles, the legacy of the distinguished founders, Colet and Erasmus, which fitted him for his future task. Not only was this school connected with the birth of the Reformation, but it also continued to breed in after times its chroniclers and defenders. "But for St. Paul's School," as Sir John Russell once said, "Milton's harp would have been mute and inglorious, and Marlboro's sword must have rusted in the scabbard." It gave us a Leland and a Strype, a Pepys, and a Truro; for these then we must thank the prescience and benevolence of Colet. After leaving St. Paul's School, presumably without reproach, he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in the year 1662. He was then nineteen years old. Proceeding to Catherine Hall, he took his B.A. degree in 1665, and his M.A. in 1669. In the latter year he received an appointment to a curacy at Theydon Bois in this county. He was never inducted nor instituted through the whole of his ministerial career, but in 1679, while ministering at Leyton Parish Church, he was licensed by the Bishop of London "to

preach and expound the word of God," and invested with full priests' functions during the vacancy. The living of Leyton seems to have fallen into abeyance through sheer poverty. Its condition may be inferred from the report of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of ecclesiastical benefices in 1650. They reported that the vicarage house at Leyton was in ruins, that the profits of the benefice were only £16 per annum, that an augmentation of £60 should be granted by the committee of plundered ministers, and that the manor of Leyton be charged with a payment of £3 per year to the vicar. With a tumble-down vicarage, an impecunious parish and small stipend, Strype's task at Leyton when he virtually became its vicar was no easy one. He soon set to work, however, with vigour to get subscriptions not only for his own support, but for the renovation of the church. The chancel was repaired in 1679, through the care, and partly at the expense of the minister. In 1677 he had rebuilt the vicarage house, paying out of his scanty purse, with the aid of subscriptions, no less than £140.

The Hicks family, of so much use to Strype in after years in connection with his historical

work, were very frequent contributors towards the minister's salary and the structural maintenance of the church. Fortunately, by the aid of wealthy parishioners, a sinecure at Tarring, Sussex, and a lectureship at Hackney, he seems to have been placed in comfortable circumstances, and from this time was a diligent and exhaustive reader, garnering from every direction information illustrative of his design. When he obtained the Bishop's licence to perform the functions of a priest at Leyton he was thirty-six years old. The long interval of fourteen years elapsed before any of his works saw the light, by which time he had attained his fiftieth year. Strype's works followed in rapid succession after his first publication, and one might well wonder how these ponderous tomes could be so quickly produced, were it not that the fourteen years of comparative leisure and freedom, combined with amazing industry and zealous ardour for the work, furnishes sufficient explanation.

That Strype was attached to Leyton is strongly evidenced, not only by his care of the church, but more by his assiduity in collecting every scrap of information relative to its past history as seen in his edition of Stow's *Survey.*

He writes there as one personally interested in the history and antiquities of Leyton.

The Parish Church, a brick structure, with a nave, chancel and north aisle, had nothing architecturally to commend it, but it was the centre of a town which had behind it plenty of interesting history. True antiquary as he was, he collected and focussed this history. It deserved focussing, for here, in this town on the borders of the River Lea (whence its name), formerly dwelt the proud and able Harold, the unfortunate hero of the Battle of Senlac, on his four hides and a half of land. Here also dwelt his rough and violent brother Tostig. Harold's temporal affairs must have been neglected in his zeal for the Saxon cause, for the land which at the survey after the Conquest was valued at 20s., formerly stood at 60s. On the other hand both Tostig's and Swein's land in "Leintun" had increased from 20s. to 40s. If Harold was, as some historians declare him to have been, a mere usurper, it is strange to find associated with the same inheritance of Leyton, another, who has frequently and vehemently been so described, namely Oliver Cromwell. When Sir Ralph Warren died, his sister Joan came into the inheritance. She was

the wife of Sir Henry Williams, *alias* Cromwell, whose son Oliver Cromwell, Esq., sold it in 1559 to Edward Ryder, Esq. For the relationship of these people to the great Protector, the reader must be referred to Carlyle's "Cromwell," where will be found the whole pedigree duly worked out. Enough has been said to show that Leyton, or Leintun, was no mean town to Strype. His career, laboriously studious as it was, did not figure prominently in the public eye. Immersed among his books, sharing the affection of his wife Susan and his family, attending his parochial duties and visiting at Hackney, sums up the round of occupation and pleasure to a green old age. There was one sad domestic bereavement in February, 1711, when "Hester, once the dear daughter of John Strype, Vicar of this Parish," was interred at Leyton, at the early age of twenty-three.

We have many proofs of Strype's benevolence and unselfishness. His name occurs among the contributors towards enlarging the chancel, for £2 4s., "for the better celebration of the Holy Communion, so that the inhabitants whensoever there was a communion, might draw near and place themselves to see the consecration, and to receive." The minister, we are told, owing to

the dispersion of the people, was fain to go about from pew to pew to deliver the sacrament.

The latter part of his career was spent at Hackney with his son-in-law, Mr. Harris, an apothecary. An interesting picture of Strype in his old age, is afforded by a letter of Dr. Knight's to Zachary Grey, dated the 24th of March, 1733, and printed in "Nichols' Literary Anecdotes." He says, "I made a visit to old Father Strype when in town last; he is turned ninety, yet very brisk, and with only a decay of sight and memory; he would fain have induced me to undertake Archbishop Lancroft's life, but I have not stomach to it, having no great opinion of him on more accounts than one. Mr. Strype told me that he had great materials towards the life of Lord Burleigh and Mr. Foxe, the Martyrologist, which he wished he could have finished, but most of his papers are in characters; his grandson is learning to decypher them." The latter portion of this letter is intensely interesting, for it shows to what shifts and straits men were put to in those perilous times.

In the diary of William Oldys, Esq., the Norroy King at Arms, under date August the 8th, 1737, there is an entry relative to a visit

which that gentleman made to Dr. Harris, Strype's son-in-law. It runs, "Invited by Dr. Harris to his brother's at Hummerton (Homerton), near Hackney, where old Mr. Strype, author of many voluminous pieces of ecclesiastical history is still alive, and has the remainder of his once rich collection of MS., tracts, etc."

Reverting to the domestic side of his life, mention must be made of the loss of his wife Susan, in 1732. She lies interred at Leyton along with his "once dear daughter," Hester. An inscription now hidden, to her memory, in the church, ran, "Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Susan Strype, wife of John Strype, Vicar of this parish, who dyed sixteenth May, 1732, *æt* 68." He survived his wife only a few years, although she was considerably his junior. He died of senility, at Hackney, where he had latterly lived. His eyesight had decayed, and his memory had failed, yet he was brisk and quite alive to affairs of state about him. He passed away peaceably in the ninety-fourth year of his age, on the eleventh of December, 1737, and lies buried in the chancel at Leyton. The register of St. John at Hackney has the following note under date, 19th of December, 1737. "The Rev.



STRYPE'S MONUMENT.

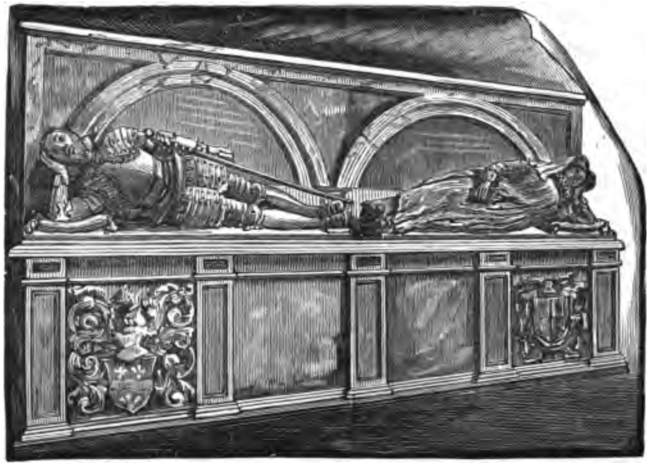


PORTRAIT OF JOHN STRYPE.

John Strype, Vicar of Low-Layton in Essex, and late Lecturer of this parish *æt* 94, mo. 1w. & 11 days, was buried at Layton." It is not kind to the memory of Strype, who has certainly been a noted man in the history of Leyton, that the grave-stone should be covered up so that visitors cannot view it. The only record in the church of his connection with the parish is contained on a stone over the south doorway, a drawing of which is here reproduced.

Strype was materially assisted in his literary work by close association with the Hicks family. The manor house of Ruckholt, their ancestral home was a mile southward from the Parish Church of Leyton and here a large mass of valuable historical MSS. were preserved. Sir Michael Hicks was Secretary to Queen Elizabeth's great minister Burleigh, sharing his closest confidence. Intimately acquainted with Sir Walter Raleigh, Cecil, Bacon, and Camden, besides other eminent contemporaries, Sir Michael stood in a favourable position to acquire historical information. From this rich storehouse, by the courtesy of Sir Michael's representative, Strype had the opportunity afforded him to throw special light upon Reformation history. Sir

Michael's memory is perpetuated in Leyton Church by a monument on which "his effigies in armour are represented in alabaster." He died in 1612, and lies buried at Leyton, in the same grave as his wife. The monument to their joint memory was formerly in the chancel, but has now been delegated to a much meaner position beneath the tower at the west end of the church. As will be seen from our illustration, Sir Michael and his Lady are represented lying feet to feet, which, to say the least, has a somewhat strange and unsociable look about it. Many of this distinguished man's manuscripts were in character, rendered necessary by the exigencies of the time, and Strype's grandson was engaged to learn to decipher the uncouth stenography of Burleigh and Cecil, which was quite unintelligible without a key. The labour attached to this must have been Herculean and bewildering, yet he succeeded in piecing together an intelligent and useful, if not brilliant narrative. He had, moreover, the true antiquarian spirit which dominated the old chroniclers, their prosy veracity, their infinite patience, and love of minutiæ; their prolixity, and reverential regard for trifles, a plodder at pedigrees, but



MONUMENT OF SIR MICHAEL AND LADY HICKS, LEYTON CHURCH.

withal a faithful recorder, without rhetorical flourish, of the history on which he writes.

To the ecclesiastical student, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., Strype's works are invaluable. They supply in a handy form material of a period of English history far too much neglected. Now that the validity of Anglican orders has been impugned by the Papacy, nothing could be better than a popular presentation of the facts as furnished in his "Parker" or "Cranmer." The greater portion of the raw material of his voluminous works is preserved among the "Lansdowne" manuscripts in the British Museum. His published works include about thirteen folio volumes. The most important of these are:—"Memorials of Cranmer" (1694), "Annals of the Reformation," 4 vols., "Life and Actions of Archbishop Grindal" (1710), "Parker" (1711), and "John Whitgift" (1718). From a literary point of view the "Ecclesiastical Memorials" (1721), contains his best work. The foregoing deal with matters of national interest, but the work which will appeal to students of London history as the most valuable work of local interest, and which will imperishably link

together the names of two great English antiquaries, is Strype's continuation of Stow's "Survey of London." This is a standard work of reference, a repertoire of facts relative to the past history of the greatest city in the world of very great value, exhibiting exemplary patience, and a most indefatigable industry, although the method of tampering with Stow's text, under the name of editing, is not to be commended. Apart from this, it is a work of equal merit for general veracity. As for its wide range of information, if it errs at all, it is on the side of inflation and prolixity, detracting little or nothing from the sterling value of the book.

For his industry and perseverance, his modesty and real goodness of heart, Strype deserves a "suitable memorial" from the residents of Leyton, to whose care and industry they are indebted for so many facts relative to the past history of a most interesting town.

The Brass of Archbishop Harsnett.

By Thomas Forster.

MEMORIALS of the dead have been prevalent through all generations, some costly and enduring, others soon passing away. Perhaps, however, brasses, if placed in favourable locations, are the best preserved, certainly they are the most interesting, and the one we now have to chronicle is of greater value than many of its contemporaries. Though a late one, yet it is equal to many of earlier date. Before describing the brass we shall pass in review a few facts known respecting one, who from a low position in life became the second ecclesiastic in the kingdom.

Samuel Harsnett was born in the parish of St. Botolph, Colchester. On the first page of the register, which commences in 1560, it records "Samu^ll^ Hasnoth, son of William Hasnoth, was baptized the 20th of June, 1561." In the same register the spelling of the name varies considerably,—Halsnothe, Harsnet, and Hasnett

occuring. . In a letter he sent to the Corporation of Colchester he signs his name Harsnet, but in his directions for the inscriptions on the brass it is given as Harsnett, which latter is considered correct. A foot-note in the register in a much later hand states "Samuel Harsnett, Ar$^{bp.}$ of York, son of a baker in King Street." This is clearly an error, as King Street was in All Saints' Parish, and tradition points out the house in which he was born as at the south corner of Priory Street in St. Botolph's Parish. The shop at the present time is occupied by a baker, and the back of the house overlooks the churchyard. Of his early life we know nothing. He was admitted a sizar of King's College, Cambridge, on September the 8th, 1576, and subsequently he removed to Pembroke Hall, and became a scholar. In $158\frac{0}{1}$ he took his B.A. degree, and proceeded to his M.A. in 1584. On the 27th of November, 1583, he was elected fellow of Pembroke College, and soon after entered holy orders. On October the 27th, 1584, we find him preaching at St. Paul's Cross, London, on Ezekiel 33 c., 11 v., an able sermon against absolute predestination.

In March, $158\frac{6}{7}$, he was appointed Master of

the Free School, Colchester, which office he only held about two years, resigning it in 1588, and returning to Pembroke Hall. On the 14th of June, 1597, he was instituted to the Vicarage of Chigwell,—his attachment to the place was life-long, and at his own request he was buried there. He, however, resigned the living in 1605, having in the previous year been instituted to Shenfield. He also held the Rectory of St. Margaret, Fish Street, London, and several other places in Essex previous to his election to the Bishopric of Chichester, which he occupied from 1609 to 1619, when he was translated to Norwich. On November the 26th, 1628, he was elected Archbishop of York, and on January the 13th following, was confirmed to the see. In 1629, during his tenure of office in York, he founded two schools at Chigwell, as a fulfilment of the "bond and obligation laid upon himself to praise and magnify the goodness of God, who, from a poor vicar of the parish had called him to so high a dignity in his church," and "to the end, intent, and purpose that the children and youth of the said parish, and other adjoining parishes, from time to time for ever hereafter, should be in one of the said schools instructed, and taught to read,

write, cypher, and cast accompts, and to learn their accidence; and, in the other school house to be instructed and taught in the Latin and Greek tongues." His health at this time appears to have been failing. Belonging as he did to the High Church Party he was greatly opposed by the Puritans. Writing from York on October the 6th, 1629, he declares the church to be infested "with the men of Dan and Bethel, whose hearts are over the seas." During this and the following year he moved about seeking to regain health, but without any permanent good. The end came on the 25th of May, 1631, at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire, whence his body was brought for burial in the chancel of Chigwell Church. The register for 1631 states that "Harsnet, Archbishop of York, was buried the 7th day of June."

His will, dated the 13th of February, $163\frac{0}{1}$, was proved at York on the 28th of June following. In it he says: "I die in the ancient faith of the true Catholick and Apostolick Church, called the Primitive Church, that faith as it was professed by the ancient holy fathers, next after the Blessed Apostles, the great renowned pillars of the same, signed and sealed with their blood;

renouncing from my heart all modern Popish superstitions, and all novelties of Geneva, not accordant with the maxims of the Primitive renowned Church, relying and resting my sinful soul upon the alone merits of Christ Jesus, mine only Saviour and most Blessed Redeemer, to whom be all praise, honour, and glory, world without end."

The will gives directions as follows for the funeral and monument:—"My body I will to be buried within the Parish Church of Chigwell, without pomp or solemnity, at the foot of Thomazine, late my beloved wife, having only a marble-stone laid upon my grave, with a plate of brass molten into the stone an inch thick, having the effigies of a bishop stamped upon it, with his mitre and crosier-staff, but the brass to be so rivetted and fastened clear through the stone, as sacrilegious hands may not rend off the one, without breaking the other. And I will that this inscription be engraven round about the brass:—

'Hic jacet Samuel Harsnett. quondam vicarius hujus ecclesiæ; primo indignus episcopus cicestrensis, dein indignior episcopus Norwicensis, demum indignissimus Archiepiscopus Eboracensis.'* (To which was added "qui obijt xxv. Maij Anno Dni, 1631.)

* On the brass v is used for u, and there are some abbreviations.

"I bequeath to twelve poor widows of Chigwell, who shall attend my hearse from my house at Chigwell unto my burial, twelve black gowns. Ten pounds for a sober civil banquet for as many of the parishioners as shall please to accompany my body to the earth."

The brass itself has a life-size effigy surrounded by a border, the border measuring 7½ feet by 3½ feet; at each corner is an evangelist with symbol, St. Matthew and St. Mark above, and St. Luke and St. John below. On each side in the centre is a circle enclosing the full face of a seraphim surrounded by six wings. The inscription as given above is round the border starting from the top. The words, "dein indignior" are given as one by leaving out an "in," thus making it "dein-dignior." Just within the border near each corner is a shield containing arms. The first one at the head is Norwich: azure, three mitres labeled, two and one, or, impaling Harsnett; second, York: gules, two keys in saltire argent, in chief, a regal crown proper, impaling Harsnett; below, under Norwich, is Chichester: azure, a Presbyter John hooded sitting on a tombstone, in his sinister hand a mound, his dexter hand extended, all or, in his mouth a sword fesswise,

point to the sinister proper, impaling Harsnett; and under York the Harsnett arms: azure, two bars dancettée ermine, between six cross crosslets or, three, two, and one.

The effigy is of particular interest as being one of the latest in which a Reformed Bishop appears in the Vestment enjoined by the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. and by the 24th Canon, such as ought to be worn at the present time; he however, by his own express desire, appears as a Bishop, not as an Archbishop, wearing a mitre without the ducal coronet, and bearing in his left hand a pastoral staff, instead of a crosier, the distinctive emblems of an Archbishop. In his right hand he holds a bible, his cope is embroidered with flowers, and has a rich flowing border, the albe has lace round the top. At the foot is this inscription:

"Quod ipsissimvm Epitaphivm ex abvndanti Nvmilitare sibi poni Testamento cvravit Reverendissimvs prasvi."

This brass was originally placed, as directed, over the grave, but in the middle of last century, George Scott, Esq. D.C.L., of Woolston Hall, Chigwell, was allowed to remove it for its better preservation and fix it on a pedestal, adorned with a pediment, against the north wall of the chancel.

Between 1848-55 it was restored to its original position over the grave. When the church was enlarged in 1866 it was again removed and placed against the north pier of the chancel arch, but without the former accessories.

No portrait of him is known to exist, except that on the brass, and from it a bust has recently been executed by Miss Ada Palmer, of Chigwell, and deposited in the school of that place.

He was a great friend of the Lucas family, and by them he was presented to the Rectory of Shenfield. The following synopsis of a letter from Harsnett to Archbishop Abbot, from the Calendar of State Papers, under date Oct. 6, 1625, speaks for itself.—" Mr. Lucas, Bishop Harsnett's dearest friend being dead, and his heir in France, the Bishop prays for a licence to Mr. Eyre to visit the heir for a pious purpose. The Archbishop's fiat for granting the solicited licence is underwritten."

With regard to the symbols of the Evangelists at the corners of the Brass an old Monkish hymn curiously describes them. It may be found in " Monumental Brasses," by the Cambridge Camden Society :—

Circa thronum majestatis
Cum spiritibus beatis,
Quatuor diversitatis
Astant animalia,

Formam primum aquilinam.
Et secundum leoninam,
Sed humanam et bovinam
Duo gerunt alia.

Formæ formant figurarum.
Formas evangelistarum :
Quorum imber docrtinarum,
Stillat in ecclesia.

Hi sunt Marcus et Matthæus,
Lucas, et quem Zebedæus.
Pater tibi misit deus,
Dum laxaret retia.

Formam viir dant Matthæo,
Quia scripsit sic de deo :
Sicut descendit ab eo,
Quem plasmanit, homine,

Lucas bos est in figura,
Ut præmonstrat in scriptura ;
Hostiarum tamgens jura
Legis sub velamine.

Marcus leo per desertum
Clamarus, rugit in apertum,
Iter deo fiat certum
Mundum cor a crimine.

Sed Johannes ala bina.
Charitatis : aquilina,
Forma, fertur in divina
Purori lumine.

Quatuor describunt isti,

Quadriformes actus Christi :
Et figurant ut audisti
Quisque suâ formulâ.
    Natus homo declaratur,
Vitulus sacrificatur :
Leo mortem depradatur,
Sed ascendit aquila.

The two following translations are offered, the first is free, the second literal in prose.

(I.) Around the throne of God on high,
With blessed spirits ever nigh,
Alike in their diversity
Four living creatures stand.
The foremost wears an eagle's face,
The next is of the lion's race,
An ox and man are next in place
And thus complete the band.

These forms to us in figure show
Those four Evangelists we know,
From whom, upon the Church below
The dews of doctrine fall.
Mark and Matthew here we see,
Luke and him whom Zebedee,
Whilst he stayed the nets to free
Sent to the Lord of all.

Matthew as a man is shown,
Since by him the truth is known
That our God indeed we own
Born of human seed.
The ox sets forth how Luke fore-showed
In holy writ the laws of Old

In sacrifice we now behold
The law's last victim bleed.

As Saint Mark, a lion roaring
Clamours in the wild and pouring
For us a way to God imploring
A heart from sin made free.
On wings of charity relying
By the light of love upflying,
Saint John as eagle still undying
Ascends my God to Thee.

Thus all four in figure show
Christ, whom neath these forms we know
Fourfold in his acts below
To us sinners given.
As Man, the Lord in flesh revealed
As Lamb, the sacrificed is sealed
As Lion, death he forced to yield,
As Eagle, mounts to heaven.

(II.) Four diverse animals stand round the throne of majesty;

The first has the form of an eagle, the second of a lion, the two others are human and ox like.

These forms form types of the Evangelists, the rain of whose doctrine falls on the earth. They are Mark and Matthew, Luke whom Zebedee, the father sent to Thee, O God. They give the form of a man to Matthew because he wrote thus of God, thus was he descended from man whom he created. Luke is an ox in type, because he foretold in Scripture touching the law of sacrifice under the veil of the law.

Mark as a lion roaring in the desert, rages in an open place, points out a certain way to God, a heart clean from sin.

But John has two wings of charity, the form of an eagle is borne upwards, to the divine light of purity.

These four describe the fourfold deeds of Christ and prefigure, as thou hast heard each his type.

He is declared born of man.
As a lamb he is sacrificed.
As a lion he spoils death.
(but) As an eagle he ascends.

Archbishop Harsnett bequeathed his valuable library to his native town and in his will we find it thus recorded.—Item, "I give unto the bayliffes and incorporacon of the towne of Colchester all my librarie of bookes, provided that they prepare a decent roome to sett them up in, that the Clergie of the towne of Colchester, and other Divines may have free accesse for the reading and studieinge of them." The gift was accepted by the Magistrates on the third of the following November (1631), and the east end of the chamber over the Red Rowe, called the Dutch Bay Hall was prepared to receive them. In 1635, William Hall, a barber, was appointed Librarian at 40s per annum, in 1651 the salary was reduced to 20s., in 1653 Mr. Warren, Minister of St. Peter's was given the charge of the books, and in the following year they were mortgaged to the Town Chamberlain

for £50. In 1664 they were removed to the Free School, which at that time was in Culver Street, and given into the custody of the Schoolmaster. There they remained in neglect till Morant, Rector of St. Mary-at-the-walls, Colchester, and Historian of Essex, prevailed upon Charles Gray, the then owner of the Castle, to give them a home. Six years later a spacious and handsome room was fitted up for them, in which they remained till the Public Library was erected where, after the above recorded changes, they now repose. There are many valuable books in the collection, including a quantity of polemical treatises relating to controversies between the churches of England and Rome, a subject to which Harsnett, in conjunction with Laud, devoted much attention. He was a great reader and annotated many of the books, each of which had its proper place in his orderly library. Amongst other legacies he bequeathed £10 "to the poor in St. Botolph's in Colchester, where I was born."

Old Southend.

By John T. Page.

THOSE who have visited Southend on a Bank Holiday would hardly imagine that the term "a quite place for quiet people" could ever have been applied to it. Yet such is recorded as the unqualified opinion of a gentleman who visited Southend in the year 1853. The fact is that Southend has been much maligned in the past by people who have only paid flying visits of a few hours' duration. Those who habitually reside in the flourishing little town have quite another opinion, for it is undoubtedly true that "those who know Southend best are loudest in its praises." The name of the place became somewhat of a bye-word in London some few years ago, owing to a seeming lack of enterprise on the part of the inhabitants, but this has long ago become a thing of the past. Its incorporation came just in the nick of time, and has proved its salvation.

Southend-on-Sea, the youngest of the Essex

boroughs, is a place of no historical importance in the annals of the county of Essex; yet, in looking back amongst the publications of the early part of the present century, one occasionally sees the name mentioned, and comments concerning the place have more than once been made by personages of note.

A century and a half ago there was probably nothing but a few poor houses and fisher's huts to indicate the site of what was afterwards known as the hamlet of Southend. Early in the reign of George III., its fine situation as a place for bathing seems to have suggested itself to some enterprising speculator's eye, for in 1768 a journal of the day records that:—"A scheme is on foot to render Southend a convenient place for bathing, the situation being esteemed the most agreeable and convenient for that purpose on the Essex coast." About 1793, the present Royal Terrace and various other buildings were erected, but the scheme resulted in failure, and the matter remained *in statu quo* until after the turn of the century. In 1800 most of the property was purchased at public auction by the Heygate family. In 1804 Queen Caroline and the Princess Charlotte visited the place and took up

their abode in Royal Terrace. This gave it the necessary impetus, and Southend soon became one of the most fashionable resorts of aristocratic society.

Alluding to Southend at this time the "Guide to the Watering and Sea-bathing Places" tells how that "James Heygate, Esq., John Thomas Hope, Esq. . . . Sir Thomas Wilson, Lady Langham, and other families possess houses on the Terrace, and reside at this village a considerable part of the year. The number of summer visitants has recently encreased (*sic*) rapidly, and among them have been personages of the first distinction, particularly Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The assembly room is handsomely finished, but is not regularly filled at any stated periods. Sometimes, however, the company is pretty numerous, and they are mostly of the superior ranks of society; the lower orders of the community not having as yet intruded themselves into Southend as into many other places of this description.

. . . .

"The country round Southend is rich and populous, and agriculture is carried on with assiduity and success. The white-fronted dwell-

ings of the yeomanry and peasants add considerably to the picturesque effect of the landscape. There is, in short, every appearance of comfort and content, even among the lowest classes, which cannot but afford a sweet sensation to every benevolent mind, so apt to be pained by sights of misery at places of fashionable resort.

"A daily coach sets out for Southend from the Bull Inn, Aldgate, and it is intended to start a new night coach this season. A vessel for the conveyance of passengers and luggage leaves Wheeler's Wharf, St. Catherine's, for this place once a week."

A few years later, viz., in 1812, the following characteristic letter, "from one friend to another," was published in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* :—

"Southend is situated on the south-east coast of Essex, in the parish of Prittlewell, forty-two miles from London, from whence there is a daily communication by two coaches and the post. It is a short distance from the Nore, and within the view of it, and fronts an expanse of the sea of ten miles in width to Sheerness, on the opposite coast of Kent, which water constitutes the mouth of the Thames.

"This semi-marine village or hamlet is approached through a rich part of this county; the crops of corn and grass are very abundant, and the hedges are very tolerably wooded. The roads in every inland direction are remarkably fine, and the excellent gravel in the adjoining fields admits of their being kept in good and constant repair. The airings are, therefore, very pleasant, though there is no prevailing great feature to strike or astonish the admirers of the wonderful. Towards the latter end of autumn the interior of this hundred is subject to the ague, but the immediate coast is not liable to this unwelcome guest, but is even the winter's asylum of the more opulent of the neighbouring residents of Rochford and its nearer vicinity.

"The appropriation of this place to the purpose of bathing is not of very remote antiquity. It was not known or not acknowledged as such 'forty summers ago.' Of later years it has witnessed the accession of much building, and though still without the advantages of a town or the sufficient competition of tradesmen, it possesses several conveniences. And so long as the company that frequent this retreat from the more busy scenes do not bring with them, or

indulge in any imaginary wants, so as to give in to the unreasonable demands of a monopoly, they may be suited with all the ordinary necessaries and contribute to correct a growing evil. . . .

"The bathing is good, but dependent on the state of the tide. Eight or ten machines are used with awnings, as at various other places. The warm baths, though confined in accommodation, are not objectionable, otherwise than the attendants do not abound in official assiduity. . . .

"The fish caught here are not considerable in quantity or particularly rare; but there is no great occasion of complaint: white haddock, brill, flounders, smelts, mackerel, shrimps and cockles, successively grace the tables of the visitors.

"The division of the upper and lower town arises merely from the situation of the ground, and, as far as it admits of a choice, according to the judgment or taste of the temporary residents, is desirable; but it involves no distinction of gentility or fashion. More privacy may, indeed, attach to the lower town, while the terrace is the scene of greater observation.

"The company of this place chiefly consists of families who live in the contiguous part of the

country, and of those who migrate for a short time from the metropolis.

"Mr. Baron Thompson is the most distinguished person that annually visits Southend. He has for some years enjoyed his leisure during a part of the long vacation at this place. Though the present writer is wholly unknown to him, he runs no risk of contradiction in saying that the judge's residence is an acquisition and recommendation to Southend."

The present pier at Southend has been rightly termed "the pride and glory of the town." It was completed in 1891 at a cost of £70,000, having replaced a wooden structure, which until then did duty. The old pier cost £42,000, and was erected in 1835. Both piers were constructed the same length, viz., 1¼ miles.

Coming down to 1853, we find Southend described in *Chambers's Journal* for November of that year as "quiet, dull Southend, . . . with its half-dozen bathing machines, and its two dozen or so bathers." This writer tells us further that "Southend may be easily described. It is a quiet place for quiet people, consisting of one long strip of houses, a strange jumble of old mansions, cottages, shops, tarry boat-houses and boat-

building sheds, fishermen's dwellings, hung over with nets, and public houses where they sell you the best ale in Essex. Southend is blessed with a beach as flat as a billiard-table, which has necessitated a wooden jetty absolutely one mile and a third long—a dreary pilgrimage on slippery boards. However, when the wind blows fair, they bring out a truck with a sail, which carries luggage, and sometimes passengers, gaily up and down the wooden tram-way. The amusements of Southend are primitive. You put on yellow shoes, subscribe to the library, sail round the Nore, fish off the pier and catch nothing, if not a stray crab or a contemptible dab, and stare through a telescope at passing ships. It is a good plan to make acquaintance with the Southend boatmen. They are daring fellows; and as there is a dangerous labyrinth of sands 'convenient,' as the Irish say, to their homes, they generally make a good harvest out of a tolerably stormy winter. These boatmen will tell you all manner of strange sea-stories; but, to say the truth, they bear a bad reputation along the coast, having the character of attending far more to the acquisition of salvage than the preservation of life; and there are rival adventurers on the deep who do not

scruple to call them wreckers." What a change has now come over the scene! If this was true in 1853, the morale of the Southend 'long-shoreman was certainly very bad. A finer and jollier set of fellows than the present Southend boatmen it would be impossible to produce; and it is a well-known fact that some of them have repeatedly risked their lives in attempting to save others.

Lord Beaconsfield's estimate of Southend is well known, but will bear repetition. Writing to his sister on Feb. 15th, 1834, he says:—"I live solely on snipes, and ride a good deal. You could not have a softer climate or sunnier skies than this much-abused Southend. Here there are myrtles in the open air in profusion." It is interesting to contrast this glowing account with that given by Miss Braddon in her novel, "Only a Clod," where she describes Southend as follows: "The criminal who has undergone a decade of solitary confinement in the Tombs* may possibly survive a month at Southend; but to the ordinary mind there is a modern abomination of desolation lurking in the unfinished terraces of a budding watering-place, or in a watering-place which has put forth its tender blossoms in the way of bow-

* New York Prison.

windowed receptacles for the concentrated bleakness of perpetual east winds, and has been blighted in the bud."

One can only imagine that Miss Braddon must have been suffering from a fit of the blues, or she would never have penned such a libel on sunny Southend. In closing, let us turn again to the record of Lord Beaconsfield. This time the date is 1833, and he writes:—"I can answer for Southend being very pretty. I am staying at an old grange, with gable ends and antique windows, which Mr. Alderman Heygate turned into a comfortable residence, and which is about half a mile from the town—a row of houses called a town."

The generation for which these words were penned has nearly passed away, but Southend still retains its character for prettiness, and the old grange still stands with gable ends and antique windows intact, the one really picturesque bit of architecture which this now flourishing Essex watering-place can boast.

The Bartlow Hills.

By John T. Page.

IN the extreme north-west of the county of Essex, and dividing that county from Cambridgeshire, stand those ancient barrows known as the Bartlow Hills. Here for considerably over a thousand years they have stood ranged in line like outposts set to guard the borderland between the two counties. There are four hills in all still remaining, and between the two northernmost of these now runs the line of the Great Eastern Railway. Three smaller mounds formerly existed close by, but the outline of these has now been destroyed. From the point of these hills the country rises all around like a huge amphitheatre.

Some century or so ago the tops of the hills were planted with forest trees by Sir Walter Maynard, Bart. This, owing to the exceeding steepness of their grassy sides, renders their appearance even more striking than it was previously.

The spot may be described as essentially rural in character. The nearest town is Saffron Walden which lies about four miles away—just far enough to be buried out of sight, and for the pulse-throbs of its busy life to be inaudible. Bartlow itself adjoins the village of Ashdon and may be described as a hamlet, the greater part of which lies in the neighbouring county of Cambridge.

In Holinshed's time it was generally believed that the Bartlow Hills were raised over the slain which fell in the sanguinary conflict between Cnut the Great and Edmund Ironside in A.D. 1016, and this opinion was apparently accepted by all historians down to the beginning of the present century.

Holinshed himself* speaks of the battle as having been fought "at Ashdone in Essex, three miles from Saffron Walden, . . . where, after a sore and cruel fight, the Englishmen were beaten down and slaine in heaps." After mentioning the names of some of those who died he goes on to say:—"In the place where the battle was fought, are yet seven or eight hils, wherein the carcasses of them that were slaine at the same field were buried, and one being digged down of

* Historie of England, Bk. 7, Ch: 9.

late, there were found two bodies in a stone coffin, the one laie with his head towards the other's fete, and manie chains of iron of horses were found in the same hil."

As it was the custom for the Danes and other northern nations to bury with their deceased warriors the instruments of their trade the presence of the chains in this coffin was taken as a convincing proof that the historians were right in locating the battle here. But in addition to this evidence must be cited the fact that Cnut ordered a church to be built as a memorial of his victory and was himself present at the dedication. It is true that a church exists at Ashdon hard by the spot, but there is nothing in its architecture to lead to the assumption that it was founded at the beginning of the eleventh century. Nothing therefore but the legendary history of the Bartlow mounds has ever been adduced in proof that the old-time chroniclers were correct.

We all know now how wrong-headed they were in their surmise, and that the battle of Assandune instead of being fought on the north-west border of the county actually took place in the opposite, or south-east, corner. The similarity of the names Ashingdon and Assandune ought

surely to have struck our historians long before it did. At Canewdon hard by may still be traced the site of Cnut's camp and in the name of the place his personality still lingers. In the vicinity of Ashingdon by the river bank are raised the barrows which cover the bones of those slain in battle. The tower of the church is also of Saxon origin and therefore lends colour to the belief that it was founded by Cnut the Dane in 1016, as a memorial of his decisive victory over the English.

It now behoves us to turn our attention once more to the Bartlow Hills. Since the excavation recorded by Holinshed took place other and more important investigations have been made into the interior of the mounds. That they are of Roman origin is undoubted. Not only have fragments of Roman pottery been unearthed, but many Roman coins have also been found. The highest of the mounds rises to a height of seventy feet, and antiquaries have in vain puzzled their brains as to the reason why such immense masses of earth were piled together. For over fifteen hundred years the hills have kept their secret and this will doubtless continue to be the case for all time. The smaller mounds were

opened in 1832, and disclosed many objects of interest. Amongst these was a large glass urn, cylindrical in shape, open at the mouth and more than half full of a clear light yellow liquor. Beneath this was a deposit of calcined human bones amongst which were found a signet ring and a coin of the time of the Emperor Adrian. Eventually the interior of the highest of the mounds was explored. The centre was gained after tunnelling a distance of fifty feet from the base. Here a large square wooden box was discovered, its dimensions measuring about four cubic feet. The principal item amongst the contents of this receptacle was a cinerary vase of green glass about eighteen inches high to which was attached a fluted handle. It was found to be filled with calcined human bones. Other vessels connected with Roman sepulchral rites were discovered—in one was a residuum of wine and in another the bones of birds. The remains of box leaves were also found strewn about the centre of the tomb.

It will thus be seen that every investigation which has been intelligently made on the spot points to the fact that the Bartlow Hills were reared by the Romans over their dead. Who

these dead were will never now be known, but the immensity of their earthy monuments would certainly lead to the supposition that they were people of importance amongst these early conquerors of our country.

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